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We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The difficulty of getting rid of Lord Kitchener has at length been solved—by the London, Chatham and Dover line! First he was sent to the Antipodes, but the Antipodes is not the place it was for getting rid of "awkward customers". He turned up again to the dismay of the Government as capable of work as ever. After, they planned to put him away in a sort of half-way house. But having been all the way to Australia Lord Kitchener was not inclined for the smaller trip to Malta, especially as it was meant he should go to sleep there and be out of everybody's way. What a singular irony that the L.C. and D. Railway should come to the rescue of the Government. Lord Rosebery once doubted the wisdom of sending "Hercules to the Himalayas". Well, now he is to be sent, instead, to Victoria Station.

The motion of Sir Wilfrid Laurier as to Imperial Treaties is quite explicit and its intention clear. He would have the Dominions absolutely free to withdraw from treaties made by Great Britain on behalf of the whole Empire. In the same sense is the curt manner of his dissent from Mr. Buxton's motion for an Imperial extension of the machinery of the Labour Exchanges; and his objection to the Dominions being consulted by the Imperial Government on foreign policy. At the meeting on Thursday he was again definitely opposed to Mr. Harcourt's motion for a standing Committee of the Conference. His words upon this question were strikingly in contrast against those of Sir Joseph Ward and Mr. Fisher.

Sir Wilfrid's imperialism is suspect—on both sides; and his attitude, though supported by the greater number of newspapers of his party, has drawn a protest from the "Montreal Witness"—a Liberal paper, which has all through supported the Canadian-American Agree-

ment. According to the "Witness" Sir Wilfrid's objection as to foreign policy at the Conference "looks very much like a declaration that Canada is not an integral part of the Empire, but a dependency, and, at that, a dependency that assumes its independence. This is an untenable position . . . We must either move towards Empire or away from it. For Canada a weakening of the British tie means dependence in another direction."

Mr. Fielding would forbid comment of a serious kind upon any question on which parties in Canada are divided. There is in Canada a party that sees in the reciprocity agreement with America a movement away from the Empire. There is another party—to which Mr. Fielding and Sir Wilfrid Laurier belong—that belittles the political effect of the treaty, and tries to show that British trade will not be seriously affected. To consider this question from an imperial view and to decide with one party or the other is "to drag our Canadian affairs into the field of British party politics". In the very letter in which Mr. Fielding rebukes Lord Selborne for speaking as an Imperial statesman of an agreement which affects the whole Empire he himself writes controversially of a policy and movement which is domestically of Great Britain as much as of Canada. Mr. Fielding should consider the party uses to which his letter has been put in more than one Radical newspaper.

At last a man has been found who not only hates the Parliament Bill but is going to vote against it. This is something in these days of flaccid fatalism. Lord Halsbury is the stoutheart who is to vote against the Bill on third reading. He declared his resolve in a speech this week at Eggesford—a stronghold by the way, or lately a stronghold, of another peer who admits boldly to a grudge against the Bill—Lord Portsmouth. It seems odd that, to find a member of the House of Lords strong enough and tough enough to vote against the scheme for destroying the House of Lords, we should have to look to one well over eighty. The others are too old at forty.

Hazlitt with brutal frankness said that to avoid insults a man must actively resent them. Nemo me impune lacessit. The House of Lords, had it

followed Hazlitt's advice, would at least have avoided Lord Morley's hard cut the other day—when he reproached it for not praising as well as swallowing the Parliament Bill. Further, it would have avoided Mr. Ure's insult this week. Mr. Ure, having exhausted his powers of abuse of the peers, turns now upon the peeresses. In the style he has made his own, he told the people at Dereham on Wednesday that the peeresses were passing the Bill—and taking good care that the backwoodsmen should not upset the cart—because they did not wish to have in their midst a large “infusion of highly respectable people who are not at present of their set”. “My reliance on the peeresses”, he added, “was not misplaced, for last week the Bill received a second reading in the Lords without one dissentient voice.” How the Liberal peers and peeresses must relish this colleague and leader of theirs!

Mr. Asquith must be wishing there were a third archbishopric that he might give it to the Bishop of Chester. How is he to show his gratitude for the unsolicited testimonial (we presume unsolicited) of the Bishop's letter? Here is a well-known prelate coming forward to say that the Parliament Bill is not only a blessed thing in itself but going to be a blessing to the Church and going to make Welsh Disestablishment, at any rate disendowment, more difficult than ever. And the beauty of the thing is that Dr. Jayne was not made Bishop of Chester by Mr. Asquith. So the testimonial must be spontaneous. Mr. Asquith will accept thankfully the Bishop's commendation of the Parliament Bill to Churchmen, content to smile (tongue in cheek) at his reference to Welsh Disestablishment. Give him his Parliament Bill and he will answer for the other. It's grand for him to have a Bishop leading his flock into the trap in this way. Well, perhaps Mr. Asquith will turn Wales into a province. Then he can reward Dr. Jayne.

The Irish Nationalists are wasting no more talk over the Parliament Bill—they are already in the next stage. Mr. John Fitzgibbon M.P. announced in a speech in Ireland this week that the “Irish Cabinet” was framing the new Home Rule Bill. After this real “inner Cabinet” of the nation has licked the Bill into shape, it will hand the result to the large outer Cabinet—the twenty gentlemen or so who revolve round Mr. Asquith. Mr. Fitzgibbon mentions two members of the Irish Cabinet—Mr. Redmond and Mr. Dillon. Mr. Healy is, of course, quite out of it, because he is too able to be trusted and would therefore inconvenience Mr. Redmond and Mr. Dillon. How right was that brightest of Irish wits, Father Healey, years ago when someone asked him what Mr. Healy would be in the first Irish Cabinet, and the reply was—“Faith, I think he'll be a very old man!”

We will venture the prediction that Central Hull is safe. Unionists could probably keep it with any candidate, but whatever danger there might have been has now, we believe, been removed by the candidature of Mr. Mark Sykes. If there was ever a right selection, it was this. Mr. Sykes has fought more than one strenuous campaign in the Buckrose Division and against any less popular man than Sir Luke White would have won. Mr. Sykes is both a good speaker and a good writer, which is rare; he has travelled much and done much. He should make his mark in the House quickly and will be a very useful recruit to the Unionist side. Friends and foes alike will, or might, learn with some alarm that Mr. Sykes is a brilliant caricaturist and mimic. He at any rate will be able to fill the idle hours while dull people are speaking. A brilliant man in the House must want a hobby.

It is too hot to burrow in “Hansard” and the like. The “Westminster Gazette” declines to study the 1800 odd pages of the Order Book of the Commons “cramped with serious and vital amendments to the Parliament Bill, most of which were kangarooed”. It suggests

instead that the same amendments were printed day after day, and that we have viewed them “as if they were all different amendments”. But if the “Westminster” would try once again, it would see that we by no means said all the amendments were “different amendments”. The point is that in those 1800 pages appear a great number of “different amendments”, of serious and vital import, which were guillotined or—if we must be very exact in the terminology of the gag—were kangarooed.

Really, to read the reply of the “Westminster” in its issue last Wednesday, one might imagine only duplicate or replica amendments to the Parliament Bill were snuffed out by the Chairman at the order of the Government! This is a delightful delusion; and something to be cherished by those faithful souls who still swear by free speech as well as by the Liberal party. But, alas, it is too beautiful to be true. The Parliament Bill was driven by the gag through the Commons; the gag that was employed by the Liberal party to suppress free speech! The official records of the House prove this beyond doubt. As Lord Morley would say, “The Order Book of the House of Commons is—the Order Book stands”.

The world has grown old indeed. It can take the earthquake in Mexico, shattering the capital on the morning of the very day when the rebel leader was to enter in triumph, and see in it no portent. The stoutest of the Romans would have blanched at this. What were the portents that heralded Cæsar's murder to an earthquake strewing the conqueror's path with death and ruin on his triumph day? That was a sceptical age, but men—probably Cæsar himself—would certainly have seen in it the avenging of Pompey. Cortez and all the “conquistadores” would have humbled themselves at such a portent. Their descendants, acclaiming Madero the usurper's triumph over the exiled Diaz rise superior to their puny ancestors. What much bigger men are we all now who can smile at what awed these conquerors of old. But is it that we know too much or too little? “Great God! I had rather be suckled in a creed outworn.”

The prospects of peace in the Near East are less than ever. Bashi-Bazouk amenities and the exacting nature of the Turkish proposals have at last driven the Catholic Mirdite clans, or some of them, into revolt. Probably they had long determined on taking action and were only waiting for arms. These, by a clever manœuvre, which drew off the Turkish troops in another direction, they have obtained, and the difficulties of the Ottoman commander are now greatly increased. If the Turks are left alone they will no doubt in time come to the end of the revolt, but people who know the country have grave doubts as to the possibility of King Nicholas keeping his subjects in hand much longer. Thousands of Albanian refugees have crossed the frontier and have to be fed, while the burning of churches and houses by the Turkish troops naturally excites the race hatred which is always simmering among the Montenegrins. The Turkish commanders have deliberately provoked a religious war with the results we now see.

The death of M. Rouvier will interest few here and excite nobody in France, but he was the last survivor of the Gambettist age. Compared with their successors those men were distinguished statesmen. Most of them had political views beyond mere anti-clericalism or the scramble for lucre. M. Rouvier was a considerable financier who had twice filled the office of President of the Council. In 1887 he was his own Finance Minister, and in that capacity carried through the conversion of the 4½ per cents. He held the same office many times in other men's ministries. But he will be remembered as the Prime Minister who threw overboard M. Delcassé and became Foreign Minister himself, though with what justification is not yet quite

clear. His subsequent efforts to square matters personally with Germany did not succeed, though he had great confidence in his own capacity as a diplomatist. Probably M. Delcassé before he fell had by no means let him into all the Foreign Office secrets. The final instance was the Algeiras Conference. After the fall of his Ministry in March 1906 he devoted himself to finance, public and private, which was his true métier.

The Aubeois are again in riot. Wherefore should they not be? They will have a riot every time they are threatened with being shut out of the true champagne country. The Marnois are equally determined to have a riot whenever the Government shows sign of admitting the wines of the Aube to be labelled authentically as their own. The latest move of the Government was intended to please everyone. But the Aubeois have seen clean through the new decree. We cannot call your wines of the Aube "champagne"; but, if you will be content to do so, you may call them "champagne de la deuxième zone". As the whole trouble is the Government's attempt to keep the Marne wines distinct from wines of the Aube, it is hardly surprising that the ingenious shift of having champagne de la deuxième zone has not deceived the vintagers. "We are beaten; very sad" ran a telegram to the seat of war; and immediately the soldiers' hands were pretty full. The Government's decree shows a determination to please the Marnois, tempered by fear of what the Aubeois will do when they know about it.

Timely is the measure just passed by the French Senate for the compensation of proprietors who suffer by these disturbances. The recent wine riots—bad as they were—are only the end of a long tale. Sabotage is in French politics all too common a means of persuasion, and a Government which leans more and more upon its Socialist allies needs every incentive to deal firmly with it. A Government determined at all costs to save property could easily have forestalled the vigneron in the riots of a few months ago. Knowing that in future they will have to pay for at least half of all damage done, Cabinets will perhaps look more keenly ahead, and be less tender of the political feelings of the parties of the Extreme Left. The justice of the measure is obvious. A proprietor pays for the protection of his property; and, if the State cannot protect it, the State should pay.

The resignation of the Belgian Cabinet is of some significance, which the ministerial changes of little Powers usually perhaps are not. But this might mean the break-up of the long reign of the Catholic party in Belgium. This would be unfortunate, for it has been a prosperous régime for Belgium, and the Cabinet that has just resigned—M. Schollaert's—has done admirable work.

Although Lord Gifford can hardly be called a regular member of the once celebrated "Wolseley ring", he was with the great soldier in Ashanti and Zululand. He performed many most gallant exploits; and had earned the Victoria Cross, which was bestowed on him, not once but many times. In the Ashanti campaign he was adjutant to the native regiment raised by Sir Baker Russell. The spirit which reigned in that corps is shown by this episode. Wolseley was doubtful how far the natives could be trusted in action; so he asked their Commander his opinion. Sir Baker at once replied "Fight? They would fight the Black Watch"—the only complete British regiment on the spot. So prominent were the qualities displayed by Lord Gifford in the campaign that Wolseley singled him out for special mention. It is a pity he did not remain longer in the Army; for he had shown a great capacity for leading men.

Lieutenant Cameron and his wife, who were charged with attempting to defraud underwriters at Lloyd's by pretending that a pearl necklace insured for £6500 had been stolen in Edinburgh, were found guilty and sen-

tenced to three years' penal servitude. The "Pearl Necklace Case" will pass in the future amongst the famous stories, historical and fictional, turning on transactions with jewels. Lieutenant Cameron and his wife have to take the terrible consequences of a summing up by a judge of the highest Scottish Criminal Court, and the verdict of a jury being against them; though so remarkable a plot seems almost impossible of conception by people of their antecedents. Credible witnesses spoke of Mrs. Cameron having in her possession and wearing a valuable pearl necklace, and accounting for it as the "Billy Walker" letters did: a gift from a mysterious affectionate friend.

Yet these letters were fictitious and were written by Mrs. Cameron. No friend known by that nickname was produced as a witness. Mrs. Cameron obtained possession of a real necklace from Carrington's the jewellers, and she had a copy of it made. The prosecution alleged that it was the Carrington necklace she had insured; and that it was the sham necklace she passed off on her friends in Edinburgh, where the supposed robbery took place. But a witness declared she kept the sham necklace in London while Mrs. Cameron was in Edinburgh; and Mrs. Cameron's father gave evidence of Lieutenant Cameron and his daughter explaining how a valuable necklace had come to her from "Billy Walker". Still the verdict of the jury necessarily implies that Mrs. Cameron never had a real necklace of her own; so that her account of its being seized from her neck was one of the many fictions she had devised to mystify her friends and cheat the underwriters.

One lesson of the Birkbeck Bank disaster is that England needs a little less of the Lloyd George style of finance and a little more of the Hicks-Beach way. If the country is not, in Carlyle's famous chapter title, "Rushing Down", it is certain that most of the good old securities are; and it is this appalling drop in gilt-edged and in silver-edged securities that has largely served to break the Birkbeck. A cruel feature of this break is that it strikes hard at the very class of people who are being struck at by Mr. Lloyd George's legislation—the small holders of capital or minute savings who get no benefit out of this legislation of the Government, and yet are taxed harshly by it. Between them, Mr. Lloyd George and the Birkbeck will probably entirely break some thousands of these poor people.

The architects are making a last effort to influence the Corporation's plans for "S. Paul's Bridge". They wish to secure not only that the bridge shall be well designed architecturally, but that the line it takes shall be set out so as to fall in with the convenience of traffic, and also with the claims of monumental effect. It is not surprising that anxiety should be felt on the first of these heads, the design of the bridge itself. The Tower Bridge is a notorious case of false architecture, of ridiculous Gothic trimmings applied to the scheme of a double-tiered roadway that in practice has proved superfluous. The real objection to the architects' scheme for traffic and effect is doubtless not the superiority in these respects of the Corporation's plan, but the fact that the alternative line would cut into immensely valuable property, and send up the cost perhaps by millions. A radical question, to which not so much attention has been paid, is whether the bridge is needed at all. It will be a scandal if the mere accumulation of "bridge" money in the Corporation's hands and the desire to do something with it should lead to a botched scheme and an addition to the freaks of London.

The bust of Charles Reade at Magdalen, Oxford, is in the fitting place. Not only as a past Fellow of the College should he be there; but as author of the greatest historical novel of mediæval scholarly life in the English tongue. But Charles Reade was not at bottom of Oxford; though the chapters of his great tale like "storied windows richly dight" seem to be the very children of her stones. Reade was a most extraordinary

writer in his method of work. We recall no one save him whose imagination was jogged to artistic creation by scissors and paste. Sardou has built his plays of newspaper cuttings; but the plays are what one would expect of it. But Reade with his immense note-books and accurate indices really did create living tissue of his dry bones. He digested dead facts, and returned them as live people.

Oxford honours in him the author of the "Cloister". But Oxford had less part in the making of this book than anyone who has not seen him in the "workshop" where his books were made would naturally imagine. It was not the churches and venerable lawns of Oxford that set Reade upon this book. He digested the Bodleian as he digested the blue-books and newspapers of his day. He would have written the "Cloister" no jot the worse if, instead of digesting the Bodleian, he had digested the big museum in Bloomsbury. Nevertheless Oxford is right to do him reverence. Reade was a great figure; and, if one would know and feel what life in the days when Oxford was building was truly like, one cannot do better than read "The Cloister and the Hearth".

Who could have dreamed that the frolicking romance of Jules Verne, wherein a projectile, manned and furnished, is shot from a mighty cannon at the moon, would ever come to be formally condemned as subversive of manners and religion? But every censor has his own strict view of what should not be permitted. The British censor deals chiefly with serious moral plays written by men of a puritan turn of mind; occasionally, on a side issue, he will rule out some play of a harmless and innocent kind—as when he banned "Monna Vanna" for the incidental suggestion in a stage direction that the heroine was naked beneath her clothes. There is more reason in the censors of Teheran. In Persia, naturally enough, it is infidel to shoot the moon; for the moon is Mahomet's coffin. In Verne's romance the scientists miss the moon, describe a parabola, and fall back into the Pacific Ocean. But the intention was obvious; and in Teheran the intention killed.

A picturesque account of his Antarctic doings so far has been sent to the "Times" by Captain Amundsen. He landed in the great bay in the now familiar Barrier—a bay whose sixty years' unchanging position made it clear was due not to broken ice but to solid underlying land—and has established a station and built a house in latitude 78 deg. 40 min. south—probably the most southern of human habitations. Large tents to accommodate the dogs and stores have been set up round the house, and provisions for two years are being collected. The "Fram"—which the Captain enthusiastically describes as Colin Archer's "famous masterpiece"—was leaving for the north with greetings and messages, and in her absence Captain Amundsen intended working south and laying down depots en route. By the time the dark season is upon him he hopes to have got within five degrees of the latitude reached by Sir Ernest Shackleton. Meanwhile, what of Captain Scott?

Which is the enemy? The soldier or the collector? Sir Joseph Hooker and other great ones have written in the name of the birds, flowers and insects of the New Forest, protesting against the military manœuvring in the forest in spring. No, says a quite brilliant counter-protestant in the "Times", it is not the soldier that matters, but the collector. It is he—the bug-hunter and the root-hog—who scoops all our rare butterflies and flowers and beslimes our trees. Put down him, not the soldier. This gentleman has our sympathy; yet might not the manœuvring be done in autumn? In spring it must disturb birds and plants seriously. But the unspeakable collector who cares nothing for bird or butterfly alive, what is to be done with him? If "C.J.D." went to Wicken Fen, he would find that the collector is there clearing the swallow tail from his last stronghold—alas! not strong—in England.

THE CONFERENCE—STILL SITTING.

SO far as the bald official report tells us what is really happening behind the closed doors of the Foreign Office, the Imperial Conference has spent two weeks in doing nothing that matters much, and doing it with magnificent eloquence and unanimity. The blind are leading the blindfolded and the ditch is in sight. Sir Joseph Ward's vague proposal for a representative Imperial Council fell to pieces directly Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. Fisher asked for details. It is not a new and glittering fabric that the Empire wants at this moment; the urgent need is for a real desire to do things together in the day to day work of administration. The alternative proposal of the British Ministers is for a Standing Consultative Committee consisting of Mr. Lewis Harcourt as Colonial Secretary and his Parliamentary and departmental helpmeets together with the High Commissioners for Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa. But here again there is an abandonment of the root principle which must guide all progress for an Empire like ours. This principle was expressed at the Conference of 1907 by Sir Wilfrid Laurier when he said that "on the principle of responsible government no one should give advice of any kind except a man who is responsible directly to the people". The proposed Standing Committee would not satisfy this criterion and it cannot be acceptable to the one man without whose assent nothing can go through—to wit Sir Wilfrid Laurier. A perfectly practicable proposal would be that each State of the Empire should do as Australia has done, that is take to itself a Minister of External Affairs, or Secretary of State for Imperial Affairs, who would do for each Dominion what an Imperial Secretary of State will do for the United Kingdom when the new Dominions Department of the Colonial Office realises its opportunities and duties. These several Secretaries of State would keep together the threads of Imperial policy between Conference and Conference, and form a natural and fully responsible medium for mutual consultation at all times.

General Botha and Mr. Fisher bid us believe that a momentous new step in Empire co-operation is involved in the fact that Sir Edward Grey has talked frankly to the Conference regarding foreign policy. This, says General Botha, is "in reality the beginning of a new era in the history of the Empire; for the first time we now realise in a way we could not before the questions which occupy the attention of the Home Government and in what way and to what extent these influence the outlying portions of the Empire". Mr. Fisher says much the same thing, and we wish we could be impressed as they are. But British foreign policy is not a secret formula, knowing which the Dominions become one with us in all matters of common concern. Unless we create a community of interest within the Empire so that the resources of the whole are made to subserve the interests of the whole, and unless we work together in our trade and other dealings with foreign nations, a month of confidential talks in Whitehall will be of no avail. There has been a speedy sequel to the new departure in mutual confidences. The Conference has adopted unanimously a resolution approving of the Foreign Secretary's declaration that the Dominions shall in future be consulted before instructions are given to the Hague Conference in regard to the Declaration of London, and "opportunity and subject matter permitting", a similar procedure is to be used "when preparing instructions for the negotiation of other international agreements affecting the Dominions". Sir Wilfrid Laurier was quite right in declaring this to be "a very far-reaching proposition". He has ever before his eyes the fear of the French Canadian voter lest he be dragged into what Sir Wilfrid has called "the vortex of European militarism". If the Dominions claim to be consulted in regard to matters which might lead to war, will they not be committed to participation in the war? Had not such matters better be left as now "entirely in the discretion of the Home Government"? The Conference thought not and even Sir Wilfrid dissented no further. To have done so would have been to

repeat here in London what he is ever ready to tell the French Canadian habitant, that, though flying the British flag and enjoying its protection, Canada will help in safeguarding that flag or not just as she pleases. He does not tell his compatriots that the vital thing is not what Canada says or thinks. It is what foreign Powers will do in the event of war. For them Canada is a part of the British Empire and they will act accordingly. If she is content to remain a part of the Empire she must bear her share of the penalty of greatness like the rest of us or else accept subserviency to a power like the United States which has shown in the case of Louisiana what her way is with racial minorities. If we turn from Canada to Australasia, we see that behind the Conference resolution stands the shadow of Japan. So soon as the time comes to consult Mr. Fisher or his successor as to the renewal of the Anglo-Japanese alliance we shall see how far the Imperial gathering of 1911 has really helped us forward along the road of Imperial unity.

But the real crux of the Conference will be reached when Sir Wilfrid Laurier proposes what is in effect the withdrawal of Canada from the Imperial treaty system. He is to ask the British Government to open negotiations with twelve foreign Governments for the release of the Overseas Dominions from the commercial treaties under which they must give to each of these twelve countries for nothing whatever tariff concessions they sell to other countries for equivalent concessions. This is, in the words used by Lord Knutsford when Colonial Secretary in 1892, nothing less than a demand for "a great break up" of the commercial relations of the United Kingdom and the Empire as a whole with first-class trading nations such as Switzerland, Spain, Austria-Hungary, Argentina, Denmark, Russia and Sweden. The most-favoured-nation clause is, in Mr. Winston Churchill's phrase, the sheet anchor of British commerce under our beneficent Free Trade system; at Canada's bidding we are to cut it loose and leave the ship to drift where it will. Sir Wilfrid Laurier does not seem to understand that in international law you cannot whenever you please remove a clause from a treaty; the whole treaty must go just as the Zollverein treaty of 1865 had to go when at Canada's bidding Lord Salisbury asked for Canada's release from one of its stipulations. We have no trade treaty with Germany to-day in consequence, and the Bundesrath can cancel at will the temporary compact upon which our whole commercial arrangements rest. Why should Austria-Hungary, Russia and the rest be expected to show greater complacency? They see that his Majesty's present Ministers have been driven by the poverty of their Free Trade armoury to purchase a few paltry tariff concessions from Japan by pledging the United Kingdom not to put import duties upon a substantial list of Japanese commodities. Why should not each of these twelve foreign countries demand from us a similar self-denying ordinance in regard to its commodities? And why should not Germany and the United States in their own time and way claim as good a treatment as we mete out to Japan? Mr. Asquith is for ever preaching about fiscal freedom and local liberty as the touchstone of Empire. It is a perfectly proper text. But it is his Ministry and none other that has done its best to permit foreign nations to hamstring future British Chancellors of the Exchequer in their efforts to raise revenue by the easiest and most universally accepted means of import duties. What wonder that, following so noble an example, Sir Wilfrid Laurier thinks that he also is best conserving Canada's fiscal freedom by walking into the parlour which the spider of Washington has decked out so prettily for his delight?

YOUNG TURKS AND OLD WAYS.

THE policy of the Young Turks is bearing fruit, and what everyone who knew anything of Turks and their subjects predicted is coming to pass. A large portion of the Mirdite clans in Southern Albania have

joined the revolt, and thereby add greatly to the difficulties which the Turkish forces have to contend with. These difficulties are partly due to the deliberate action of the Turkish commanders. Signor Chiesa, an Italian deputy who has just returned from Albania, puts the case capitally both against the Turkish generals and the Government. They have sent Albanians to serve in the Yemen, a service hateful even to the Turk, they have substituted officials ignorant of the native language for the old clan chieftains with their immemorial authority, and they have endeavoured to suppress the native language except so far as it is written in Arabic characters. These acts are, according to the Albanians, contrary to the promises made at the time of the revolution, and had Albania risen on behalf of Abdul Hamid at the critical moment the revolution could never have been carried through. It is, of course, part of the general policy of "Ottomanisation" which the Young Turks have endeavoured to bring about ever since they were firmly seated in power. If it is to be enforced, it can only be by fire and sword, which indeed has been the method pursued for months past in Macedonia and elsewhere. Turgut Shefket, the Turkish general in Albania, is proceeding to-day by the old methods so long familiarised among us by the denunciations of the Balkan Committee. (Where is that party now?) Kurds are freely used against the revolted tribes, churches desecrated and burned, and women violated. A five days' truce was made but the Turks broke it and fired on the insurgents long before it had expired. All this is vouched for not only by the Italian deputy but by the correspondent of the "Morning Post" in Rome who was with him in Albania. We have also unimpeachable testimony to the same effect which has reached us from the Montenegrin frontier.

The revolt has now been going on for more than two months, though under any decent system of government it need never have broken out at all. All the Albanians asked for was that (i.) Their local journals should not be subject to Turkish supervision; (ii.) Albanian schools should be conducted by natives in the native tongue; (iii.) taxes raised in Albania should be expended in local administration. Bedri Pacha, the late Governor of Scutari, was neither prepared to govern justly nor to check the revolt at its inception. He had no adequate forces on the spot, so proclaimed a Holy War and armed the Mohamedans of the neighbourhood with the Martinis surrendered the year before by the Albanians. These men were assisted by Bashi Bazouks who ravaged the neighbourhood and burned and plundered churches. It is quite clear then that the Turkish Governor himself deliberately started a civil war—Albanian Moslem against Christian—and armed the Mohamedan zealots with the rifles surrendered by the tribesmen on the promise of the Government that they would grant their reasonable demands. To gross misgovernment has therefore been added vile treachery. It is due to the Powers to state that their Consuls at Scutari protested against the arming of Bashi Bazouks, but in spite of the promises of the Turks hardly any of the rifles have been returned. Turgut Shefket, who has succeeded to the command, is in daily consultation with the Moslems and ignores completely the Christian notables. This deliberate emphasising of the religious character of the trouble may account for the further rising of the Mirdites, a Roman Catholic tribe. It was stated some time ago that nothing but lack of arms kept the Mirdites quiet; now it is clear that they have obtained them. The Turkish forces were drawn away elsewhere while the arms and ammunition were landed at a deserted port. Something more than religion however accounts for the revolt. Among the followers of Turgut Shefket are many Slav Mohamedans from Bosnia and Herzegovina, and these gentry are to be accommodated with land in Albania forfeited by or taken from Christians. To the fanaticism of religion is therefore added the lust for plunder as in the Armenian massacres.

Only the immeasurable conceit which accompanies the ignorance and fanaticism of the ordinary Turkish official would have induced Turgut to stir up further Albanian revolt in the way he has done, for about fifty per cent. of

his men are believed to be reservists over forty-five years of age, and little adapted to mountain warfare, while deserters from his ranks daily cross the border. These are Bulgarian, Armenian and Greek Christians enlisted under the new laws but who do not wish to fight for the "Ottomanisation" of other Christians.

Such being the origin and present condition of affairs, it would probably be a long time anyhow before law and order (even à la Turquie) would prevail in Albania. The whole drama is an instructive commentary on the glorious Constitution of Young Turkey. Parliamentary government has indeed by now ceased to exist. It was never anything but a dreary or diverting farce, but nobody (hardly excepting a Balkan Committeeman) really doubts now that Mahmoud Shekhet is the virtual Dictator.

But Europe might be content to ignore mere misgovernment in Turkey if it were not for other possibilities now coming into prominence. The "Parliament" at Stamboul has been the convenient dummy to which our philanthropists have complacently transferred the burden of their anxiety for the Macedonian and other oppressed nationalities. But there exists grave danger that Balkan peoples outside the radius of the glorious Constitution may be drawn into the vortex. Montenegro is sheltering many thousand refugees from the amenities of Turkish warfare. They are said to have reached 10,000; many of these are entirely destitute, their homes having been burnt. "Why fly?" no doubt our philanthropists will say, "from the Bashi Bazouks and other agents of a glorious free Government with a real Parliament?" But the matter does not present itself so to the benighted Albanians and the burden on Montenegro daily grows so heavy that it is becoming more and more a problem how it is to be faced. The necessity of keeping up a large force on the frontier withdraws many men from agricultural pursuits and famine prices are already prevailing in some districts. The revolt of the Mirdites hardly foreshadows a speedy end to the war. It is highly probable that volunteers from Italy and elsewhere may join the insurgents, though the valorous and voluble Ricciotti Garibaldi and his oft-promised "legion" have not yet put in an appearance. If Montenegro in spite of the wise resistance of King Nicholas is once drawn in, it is hard to see the end. Bulgaria would find it difficult to keep out of the fray, while if Russia allowed Montenegro to be crushed her position as leader of the Slav nationality would be shaken if not shattered. Already Austria, through the Viennese official press, has been compelled to urge moderation upon the Young Turks in their dealings with Albania. With these possibilities in front it is not credible that Europe will allow matters to come to the breaking point. The Turks must make some apparent concessions for a time if they cannot win outright. That the Powers will attempt to make the Young Turks govern decently we do not believe. They have long abdicated any claim to exercise influence of that sort, even though guaranteed by treaty. Besides, the conceit, incompetence, and obstinacy of the Turks make it impossible. Under the new régime nothing improves but the army. As for the subject races, they must regret Abdul Hamid; but then they do not understand a Constitutional system or appreciate their democratic blessings as they ought.

HALF-TIME.

THE half-timer is to be no more. Mr. Runciman's Factory Bill has decreed that the system is to come to an end. No doubt there will be an outcry amongst both employers and employed in some districts. The North of England clings to the half-time system still, if less closely than it did. Many of the working people, being parents, think they are better off by the earnings of their young children. It seems to pay them to have children, especially girls, if every girl brings in so many shillings a week. And a good many employers like to have half-timers for reasons not always avowed; neither do their reasons always agree when they are avowed. Indeed, to hear some of them pleading for the

system, one would imagine that they adopted it and kept to it wholly in the interest of the children. We are all familiar with the assurances that the occupation is healthy; that the children like it, that they are taken every care of, and that they learn all the better during the hours they spend in school for the hours they spend in the factory. We have no wish to question any of the statements made as to the conditions of the half-timer's labour. We believe that in these days in every factory of any standing the owners take every care to ensure conditions for the half-timer as healthy as the occupation allows. Probably the children's working time in the mill is just as healthy as their learning time in school. Also, we can quite believe that the children like it better. If the half-time children throughout the country were allowed to decide for themselves, we have no doubt that it would everywhere be hands up for the present system rather than more school. But does it not point to the unreality of most of the pleas made for half-time that the preference of the child should be mentioned at all? In any class of life boys and girls of the half-time age would spend their time in grown-up work, as they deem it, rather than in learning lessons, if they had the choice, and working men's children naturally more than any others. School life can hardly have any powerful attraction for most of them; to be a wage-earner is a much more important and dignified thing than to be a school child: the half-timer, we may be sure, regards himself or herself as superior to the whole-time scholar if inferior to the mill-hand complete. It is a matter on which, as very often, those most intimately concerned are least able to judge. This is certainly true of the children; we believe it to be also true of their parents and of their employers. This, no doubt, exposes us to the gibe that of course only they are able to judge who have no practical acquaintance with the matter: that we are doctrinaires and theorists; we speak in the air, they from experience. Practical experience counts for much, we agree, but those who have this practical experience are also those who have a personal interest in the matter in dispute; they would not have the experience otherwise. On some questions to be free from personal interest more than compensates, in forming a judgment, for lack of practical experience. It would be unreasonable to expect either parent or employer, if he believed the half-time system to pay him, not to be easily convinced it was legitimate and indeed good for all parties. This accounts for the number of irrelevant points that are always made by the practical advocates of the system. The case against half-time is not that the children are badly treated; it is not that the work is necessarily unhealthy; it certainly is not that the children are unhappy. What the advocates of half-time have to do is to show that it is likely to be best in the long run for the child and so in the long run for the nation. Or, to put it slightly differently, they have to answer certain natural, indeed necessary, objections from the point of view of the child's permanent interest.

But what about the trade? If child-labour is essential to the trade, is the trade to be ruined for want of it? Or, if the manufacturer will not put it quite so high as that, is the trade here to be jeopardised in its competition with foreign countries where child labour is allowed? Generally, if it is true of any trade that it cannot be carried on successfully without sacrificing even in part the welfare of a large number of children, we should question whether such a trade is morally defensible or whether in the long run it can be carried on to the best interest of the nation. It might very well be impossible suddenly to give it up, which might do more harm than the trade was doing. But it should gradually disappear. If it is a question of the interest of the trade against the interest of the child, surely the trade must go. We believe the employers would grant this as readily as anybody, but, of course, they do not admit the premisses. So far as we can see, child-labour can be held essential to a trade only on one of two grounds: either there is a part of the process only children can do satisfactorily or without child labour the article cannot be produced

at a price which can compete with other countries. Whether these propositions are in fact true we do not pretend to say; expert opinion would probably differ. But assuming both are, a Tariff Reformer would answer without difficulty as to cost of production, rather than meet foreign competition by half-time children, we must protect ourselves by a prohibitive import duty against goods made by foreign child-labour. The Free Trader, we take it, would have to say, perish the trade. In the meantime he would have done nothing to abate child-labour on the whole, or a child-employing foreign country, having scooped all the trade formerly in British hands, would employ proportionately more children to meet the new demand. We should lose our trade and as many children would be employed as before, though not British children. The other question of skill peculiar to children is more difficult. We have been told by practical men, who should know if any can know, that there is a particular thing (we will not lose ourselves in technicalities) in the process of yarn-spinning which only children—in fact little girls—are light or deft-fingered enough to do satisfactorily. Women are not so good. It is not claimed that the process of yarn-spinning would come to an end if child-labour were forbidden, but that the product certainly would not be so fine. Were it a question only of the consumer, we should say, very well, we must put up with an inferior article. We must prefer finer finish in the child's mind to finer finish in yarn. But what if the competing foreign country sends in here better finished yarn made with child-labour? It might be a strong order, but we should again be for keeping out foreign child-made goods by duties. Better not so finely made an article, even at a higher price (owing to payment of adult wages) than the permanent injury to a large number of our children. In the export trade apparently we must suffer unless an international convention could be arranged disallowing half-time labour.

But the employer denies that the child does lose by being a half-timer. Here his experience puts him in no better position to judge than anybody else. If it is admitted that school is of any use at all, we do not understand how it can seriously be questioned that the child loses who gives up a large portion of later school-life to wage-earning. If the time given to school is too long, then lower the school age. In any case avoid damaging both schoolwork and wage-earning by mixing them up. Learning, being taught, trained, moulded, is hard work enough by itself. It ought to be the whole of a child's life while at school. School-life and wage-earning can hardly go on together without one being more or less sacrificed to the other. The child will set one higher than the other and nearly always wage-earning over school. Consequently school will be put in the background, and the child's thoughts will rather be in the factory. To talk of the change from one to the other being a kind of recreation will not do. Working in a factory is not play and will not do instead of play. We have very little doubt that to become a half-timer is for most children in effect to leave school. School life is curtailed. We should like to ask any of our well-educated manufacturers—public school and University men—if they ever contemplated making their sons and daughters spend half their time at school and the other half in an office?

The whole argument, of course, hangs on the assumption that the children benefit by school, and we admit that the result so far of elementary education is so much less than one had hoped for that the employer has some excuse for doubting if the loss of a certain number of school hours is so very serious a matter. But school is a fact and will remain. The only thing to do is to try to make it better and to do this we must give it every chance.

THE CITY.

DEPRESSION in the Consols market has been the most important feature of the week. The decline was assisted by the variety of more or less alarming rumours, which crystallised on Thursday evening into

the announcement that the Birkbeck Bank had suspended payment. It is hoped that the revelation of the real source of recent anxieties will relieve the market. For some time the leading banking institutions have been preparing for trouble in connexion with the Birkbeck, and there is no doubt that the calling in of the Official Receiver was a well-advised move. It is confidently expected that a reorganisation with the assistance of the leading joint-stock banks will be effected in such a manner as to prevent heavy losses to the depositors.

On the whole, business has been extremely dull, investment buying and speculative interest having dried up entirely. Even new issues have met with a somewhat chilling reception, and underwriters have had to take up some large lines of stock. This may lead to the postponement of some of the new flotations under contemplation owing to underwriters' funds being temporarily tied up, but, with money easy and stock markets firm, underwriters of most of the recent issues should soon be able to secure profits on their engagements. The various trust companies and financial institutions which make a feature of this class of business seldom have to write off losses except in very bad times.

Despite the excellent weather and splendid traffic returns, home railway stocks remain heavy and dull. It appears that the ragged bull account in the southern passenger stocks had not been entirely eliminated, and professional dealers took the opportunity of the present dulness to influence a further shake-out of weak holdings. Some traders are talking about a revival after the Coronation, but many careful observers who are not swayed by sentiment declare that the approaching festivities have very little influence on quotations at present, and that it is therefore illogical to expect a rebound after the royal processions. This rather pessimistic view, it must be admitted, however, is not general. Easy money and good dividend announcements after the turn of the half-year may encourage a revival of business.

Wall Street is irregular, and is likely to continue so for some time. The Morgan interests are understood to be bullish, and this is sufficient to prevent the rank and file of operators from venturing on the short side, although the Gates crowd have been making strong attacks upon Steel Common and other vulnerable stocks. The accepted barometers of commercial conditions, namely the iron and steel and the dry goods trades, are quite unsatisfactory, but against their influence crop prospects must be reckoned with, and as Wall Street's practice is to anticipate the future rather than be guided by contemporary events the chances are that the market will be irregular with an upward tendency during the summer months, dealings being mainly professional. Rumour suggests that the big Great Northern bond issue forecast by Mr. James J. Hill includes a provision for purchase of control of the Erie Railroad. Such a development is not improbable, as it would not suit the Hill group to allow the Canadian Pacific Railway an outlet to New York by the Erie line; but on the other hand the Morgan interests who still control the Erie are hardly likely to invite such a sound and progressive railroad man as Mr. Hill to take charge of a line which might, under good management, compete with the New York Central. Canadian Pacifics have kept strong with the aid of a gross traffic increase of \$370,000 for the last ten days of May, and Grand Trunk junior issues have also benefited from good traffics. Mexican Rails are in bad odour. Apart from earthquake shocks, investors are beginning to realise the value of Diaz, and quotations of Mexican stocks generally are being marked "ex-Diaz". The expulsion of the President means three years' disruption for Mexico in the opinion of the frequenters of Throgmorton Street, and it is difficult in these circumstances to foresee any immediate recovery in prices. The reports of the earthquake had comparatively little effect, being obviously exaggerated.

Mining shares were a little stronger at the beginning of the week owing to support from Paris for leading

South Africans; but when Paris orders stopped, the market resumed its customary idleness. De Beers Deferred were bought on talk of a bonus with the forthcoming dividend. Rubber shares also scored an improvement in sympathy with a rise in the price of the raw material. Malaccas were a feature on buying for Paris account accompanied by exaggerated dividend rumours. The buying in this case was probably bear repurchasing. In the oil share department Ural Caspians fluctuated sharply. A cryptic circular has been issued by the directors announcing an increase of capital to £1,000,000. It is understood that the Paris Rothschilds, the Nobels, and the Royal Dutch-Shell Combine have come to an agreement with the Ural Caspian Company for the exploiting and marketing of the company's oil; but the directors of the company ask for proxies without giving any idea of the schemes they have to propose, and several shareholders are naturally dissatisfied with this policy of secrecy. The Shell report has made a good impression.

In the industrial market the news that Allsopps and Ind, Coope and Company have at last found a basis for amalgamation is considered satisfactory, although it is hardly probable that the scheme of reconstruction and amalgamation can please all the conflicting interests concerned. The reorganisation plan of Waring and Gillows is another topic of interest, the general feeling is that the proposals of Mr. Tait, the receiver and manager, make the best of a bad job.

The National Land Fruit and Packing Company, Limited, has been formed to acquire orchards containing over 140,000 apple trees in bearing. It is said that this will be the largest apple-producing property in the world under one ownership. The directorate includes Mr. H. Pollman Evans, Mr. T. T. Rolph, the Hon. G. E. Foster and other well-known Canadians, and the profits are estimated to reach a figure which will cover four times over the interest on the 150,000 7 per cent. preference shares now offered for subscription.

INSURANCE.

THE GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

THE Assurance Companies' Act, 1909, is, already provoking legitimate discontent. Certain of its provisions were evidently framed without due regard to principles of ordinary justice, and they seem destined to result in considerable injury to those companies which have established important life assurance relations abroad. Very reasonably the managements of concerns which are in this position resent having to publish information not asked for by Government at the time when their operations were extended to foreign parts; more especially as such information can be turned to account by the representatives of competing offices, whose transactions are either restricted to the British Isles or unimportant across the seas. Unquestionably there are grounds for complaint in this case. Under the new law most of the companies can conduct their business with very little more publicity than was formerly called for, while the few are compelled to divulge facts of no real utility, but which may be of a more or less damaging character.

It is, of course, generally known that in most of our colonies and in some foreign countries agency services are remunerated on a somewhat higher scale than is the rule here. Hence the reason why the divulgence of the sums paid for commission out of the United Kingdom is so unpalatable. Now that this information has to be given in the revenue account it is easy to found, and apparently demonstrate, a charge of extravagance which may have no real justification. Seeing how different is the constitution and practice of one life office from that of another, it certainly would have been fairer to allow some time to elapse before compelling the companies to give separate particulars of the business transacted abroad. It would then have been in their power to rectify minor defects before opening their books to the inspection of rivals who, on their side,

almost escape increased publicity. As it is, the General Life Assurance Company, and other offices of its type, are likely for a time to be seriously handicapped when competing for business in the home market.

And for what possible good purpose, it may be asked? Will any policyholder gain by knowing that in 1910 the General Life raised £147,356 in premiums "within the United Kingdom" and £40,392 in premiums "out of the United Kingdom", or that in respect of such business commissions were paid to an amount of £9999 and £4271 respectively? Neither an assured person nor a person contemplating life assurance can need such information, which is really meaningless. Management expenses have not similarly to be separated, and it may easily happen that a high commission rate abroad will be associated with moderate expenses of management, rendering that section of the business actually the more remunerative. We do not say this is likely to be, but it might; and in any case partial information is liable to mislead, and its publication is to be discouraged.

Apparently there is no reason why the Board of Trade should not dispense with the additional figures relating to commissions paid, so long as the other particulars required by the Act are properly and willingly supplied. There is one very cogent reason for expressing this opinion. Half-truths are proverbially dangerous, and average persons—insurance agents included—can scarcely be expected to understand the subtleties of life assurance, which occasionally involve actuaries in misconceptions. At first sight it does seem strange that on one portion of the General's business the charge for commission should work out at 6.786 per cent., and on the other portion at 10.574 per cent. In the hands of rival agents a "fact" of this kind can become an ugly weapon; the almost inevitable inference is that the foreign business is extremely costly. Of course the paradox is not seen. In recent years the General Life has largely increased its new business abroad, and last year the new premiums there obtained represented 29.667 per cent. of the full sum received, whereas the aggregate foreign premiums yielded only 21.514 per cent. of the total premium income. In other words, the comparatively large sum paid for commission in respect of business out of the United Kingdom was mainly due to the increasing popularity of the Company in South Africa and other distant parts. The problem would also be affected by the number and average amount of the new policies issued under each classification.

ORGIES OF EMPIRE.

BY FILSON YOUNG.

AMONG the many things that are being thrust on people's attention in London at this time, the strange kind of entertainment known as an Exhibition is occupying a very prominent place; and it is therefore interesting to examine this entertainment, three examples of which are at present open in London, and to consider what are its pretensions, and to what extent those pretensions are fulfilled. The modern commercial idea of Empire is strongly to the fore in all of them. The entertainment at the Crystal Palace, called "A Festival of Empire", is, in fact, a very orgy of something that is about as far removed as it well can be from the Imperial reality. The Coronation Exhibition at the White City also professes amongst its other attractions to provide one with "A Tour of the British Empire". Such of the buildings, that is to say, as are not devoted to the provision of refreshments, advertisements of newspapers, mechanical or spectacular "amusements", or the sale of imitation jewellery are divided into little caves and bazaars, decorated with painted exotic scenery, in which crouch various unhappy natives from various parts of the Empire, listlessly pretending to ply their various crafts, to be stared at by the sightseer in turn with the lions and tigers of Bostock's Menagerie and victims of

the Joy Wheel, or the Boomerang, or Wiggle Woggle, or any other of the Imperial attractions.

But indeed the Wiggle-Woggles, Mountain Railways, Flip-Flaps, and similar gigantic toys, are by far the best features of these Exhibitions; some of them are pleasantly amusing and exhilarating; and I prefer the frank vulgarity of the Coronation Exhibition at the White City to the heavy pretentiousness of the thing called a "Festival of Empire" at the Crystal Palace. I visited this entertainment the other afternoon, and found it very marvellous. The word "Empire" blazes at one from every corner; but it is almost invariably associated with something that turns out to be either an imitation or a fraud. I was sorry to see several schools being led through the grounds; unhappy, straggling lines of boys and girls being conducted through the imitation Parliament buildings in this or that colony, and looking wearily at various bottled fruits or stacks of corn labelled "Products of Empire". They were not even learning geography; and any that I saw were casting wistful eyes at the switchback railways and other Imperial accessories. Much is made of the railway known as "The All-Red Route"—a feebly electrified line which draws through various wood and canvas ravines which are painted to represent points of interest in the British Empire. Thus you pass from Cape Town Harbour to Brisbane, and from Canada to India, while the conductor of the car points out the beauties of the scenery through which you are supposed to be passing. You pass a horse farm in Australia, represented by a piece of painted scenery, a waxwork Australian standing on a hummock of withering sods, and some dead, stuffed 'bus horses supposed to be grazing on the free and open prairie. Presently you pass a farm in Canada and see more prairie and more 'bus horses; and then perhaps you pass a tea plantation in Ceylon, and there are your old friends the 'bus horses again; and on the day on which I made this famous journey I had a further unrehearsed effect; I happened to look in the direction opposite to that indicated by the conductor, and I saw the atelier of the 'bus horse artist in a melancholy corner of the ground where, apparently, the carcasses were stuffed; for several of them were set up in the sun to dry, having been freshened up by a little paint. Such is the All-Red Route.

The serious side of this is that if anything is shoddy and bad it is considered enough to label it Imperial in the hope of carrying it off on patriotic grounds. People are invited to consider that they are educating themselves when they go to these entertainments, but I fear the chief education that they are likely to receive would be in shoddy commercialism. Half the Exhibition was uncompleted on the day of my visit; building after building was placarded as the "site" of this or that future attraction; building after building in the hands of workmen who in some cases were only beginning to make the thing which is supposed to be there already. But from every side you were invited to buy chocolate of Empire, or to drink all-British tea, or Imperial lime-juice, or some other thing which is trying to hide its essential shortcomings under the banner of Empire. An unpleasant development of the commercial Imperial spirit is the reproduction of ugly buildings in different parts of the Empire on scales of from one-third to half their full size. The Crystal Palace is hideous enough in all conscience; but when it comes to erecting beside it things like the reproduction of the Canadian Houses of Parliament, a revolting neo-Gothic building in a painted plaster imitation of granite, the terrors are dangerously increased. The cost and elaborateness of this kind of thing add to its disagreeableness. To make a sham reproduction of a huge building on a scale like this is perhaps one of the most melancholy degradations of the builders' craft that can be witnessed. The time, trouble, and money involved would have built so many useful and beautiful things; but they have here only raised a nightmare of sham and ugliness. Fortunately the building is near the switchback railway, and anybody who is in danger of losing his reason in the gloomy halls of this building,

among the maps and bottles and products of Empire, can go and refresh himself on the breezy heights of that comparatively honest structure.

Of course one will be told by the people to whom this kind of thing specially appeals that one is lacking in patriotism, and that one does not love one's cousins in the Colonies, and so on. I firmly believe all that to be nonsense. I do not think that exhibitions of dusty bunches of grapes and shocks of corn and bottles of fruit do anything whatever to cement the bonds of Empire. I do not think that a patronising interest in the details of the domestic life of an Australian rancher will do anything to make Australia love the Mother Country; nor do I believe that the glorification of the Colonies by people who take very good care to remain in England is likely to do any good to anybody. The mere fact that a man is a colonial does not endow him with all the virtues, nor is the average colonial in a constant state of almost tearful and reproachful affection for his cousins in England. The problem of immense colonial possessions is a very grave and serious problem, to be dealt with only by skilful statesmanship, and not by debauches of sentimental verbiage in which such words as "overseas" are, like the blessed word "Mesopotamia", used as though they had some inherent merit or virtue of their own. And all the sorry cant that people talk about the Colonies is as far removed from any true recognition of their interest and importance as this dreary commercial exploiting of the idea of Empire is removed from the majesty and sublimity of the true Imperial ideal for which real men have dreamed and worked.

THE IRISH PLAYERS.

THE arrival of the Irish players at the Court Theatre has come to be one of the regular events of a London summer. These are the really precious weeks for the playgoer whom Mr. Frohman is unable to satisfy—weeks in which Mr. Yeats and his comrades bring forth from their store things old and new. In no other theatre is one completely able to forget the common traffic in plays between manager and public which determines the quality of drama to-day. The drama of Mr. Shaw is too much a protest to be a complete rest from that against which it is protesting. It has grown by reaction. It is rebellious and flourishes in animosity. It is distinctive of the Irish National Theatre that it has risen quietly and apart. It is a movement purely of artists. It is not ethically militant. With the Irish players one escapes not alone from the abuses of the time, but from the restless and fiery people who are crazy to put them right. To see again "The Playboy of the Western World" is deep refreshment. With Synge we escape to where speech is again beautiful; where feeling is again simple and sincere. We get a sense of what language was when it was new. The words in our mouths and in our books to-day are mostly dead—dead by repetition, struck from the conventional mint, passed as worn coppers from hand to hand, without power to touch the imagination, the virtue departed out of them. One word is greatly as another to him that speaks or listens: Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar. But the language of the peasants from whom Synge caught his vocabulary and diction is living speech—the speech of simple minds intensely imaginative, pure of tongue, and piercing to the reality of things with a readiness and accuracy of phrase which only the highest art of the greatest poet can reach in a civilised people whose words are in their books. When again in our tongue shall we read speech the like of the speech of Christy Mahon?—"It's well you know it's a lonesome thing to be passing small towns with the lights shining sideways when the night is down, or going in strange places with a dog noising before you and a dog noising behind, or drawn to the cities where you'd hear a voice kissing and talking deep love in every shadow of the ditch, and you passing on with an empty, hungry stomach failing from your heart. . . . But I was lonesome all times, and born lonesome, I'm

thinking, as the moon of dawn." Feeling, too, in the plays of Synge is as direct and simple as speech. There is nothing super-subtle or over-stimulated in the feeling of these men and women. The sentimental hearer, with emotions delicately nourished, is continually and painfully arrested by the direct and brutal expression of simple moods—of fear, of hate, or of selfishness—and by the hard, cruel realism that runs through the lives and colours the imagination alike of the peasants and of the princes of Synge's Irish plays. Native quickness of fancy yoked with extreme simplicity of feeling gives to us in these plays a sense of complete escape from most of the modern drama that we know. For most modern art is exactly the other way. We wonderfully refine upon our feelings, whereas our imaginations are left unpractised. With a civilised audience Synge is at the double disadvantage of seeming fantastic in imagination, and crude in the colour of his emotion; and though most cultivated people have by this time agreed to forgive him and his characters the possession of an imagination far in excess of their own, there are very many in Dublin, as well as in Britain, who, because he is never sentimental, charge him with being cruel. Such is the danger of sincerity. No writer ever had more the sense of tears than John Synge; or watched with a nobler passion of sympathy the lives of his people—lives lived in close touch with the elemental facts of kinship, of bread won painfully from the earth or sea, of great love and of bitter hate, of "blood and broken bodies and the filth of the grave."

The Irish players did well to open their season at the Court Theatre with the greatest of Synge's plays. We need the old plays again; and the Irish National Theatre without Synge, Mr. Yeats, or Lady Gregory is not yet conceivable. But this Irish theatre is apparently resolved it will not live merely by the reputation of its leaders and founders. It is the only existing dramatic fellowship which can surprise and delight a London audience every year with new plays all sincere, distinct in character, written by men whose names are, in the popular sense, unknown. On Monday evening Synge's comedy of Mayo was preceded by a one-act play of Mr. George Fitzmaurice—"The Piedish." The production of this little play would in ordinary circumstances be an artistic event, as London theatres go. In the repertoire of the Abbey Theatre players it is neither better nor worse than the many truthful and beautiful plays which the movement has already drawn from its younger writers. That a playwright should set out to write a play like "The Piedish" is in itself a justification of the Irish movement. It is a play entirely dependent upon the sincerity of the writing and upon the skill with which the conduct and emotion of its characters are portrayed. There is nothing to "save" the little play in a popular sense—no excitement of situation or intrigue, no smart or clever or funny dialogue written irrelevantly to tickle the mere intelligence. For twenty years an ancient man has brooded upon the making of a piedish—a piedish to be wonderfully moulded in clay after the fashion of his conception. For another twenty years he has worked at the piedish with his hands; and now there are needed just a few last touches to complete the thing for which he has lived so long. But death breaks in upon the old man; and the piedish is left unfinished for all his prayers to God—ay, and to the devil—that the time might be given to make an end. No one will ever know the true meaning of the piedish; but a man gave forty years of his life and his immortal soul to its making. The tale is unfolded in the talk of peasants, who watch for the end; and, grimly or with pity, in bewilderment or in sympathy, wonder at the madness of an old man. It is true in every line; and perhaps for us, too greatly used to see the plain pointing of a moral even in things whose best moral is their beauty alone, the most striking thing about this little play is the way in which the author has refrained from directly imparting to his tale any suspicion of a meaning beyond itself.

Of the Irish players themselves everyone will have his favourite. Favouritism apart, the acting of the

company as a whole puts the London stage to complete shame. No player is ever out of the picture. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that no player is ever in the picture who has no business to be there. The individual acting of Mr. Sinclair, of Mr. O'Donovan, of Miss Maire O'Neill is perfect of its kind; but this is less commendable than their loyal determination that no over-emphasis of any single part shall be allowed to spoil the whole. Mr. O'Donovan's Playboy of Monday evening was, so far as I can remember his performance of last June, not a tone or a gesture the worse for twelve months' wear. It may be pure partiality to my own particular favourite; but I am sure Mr. Sinclair was even less to be resisted as Michael James Flaherty. His fascinations are even perilous at times, drawing one's attention, through no fault or purpose of his own, from players who are doing things more pertinent to the scheme of the play. Of Miss O'Neill I am always puzzled to decide whether I like her best humorously aged or radiantly young. Her old Irishwomen are beautiful to remember; but I think her performance as Pegeen more than weighs against them. Perhaps we see her best with Christy's eyes "pacing Neifin in the dews of night, the time sweet smells do be rising, and you'd see a little, shiny new moon, maybe, sinking on the hills." P. J.

OLD THEORIES AND A NEW CONDUCTOR.

By JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

IT has come and gone. We can breathe again. A number of the lecturers will require time before they can breathe again. Possibly a few of the audiences will have to be awakened before they will be able to breathe again—and they will certainly have time to do it, since there will not be another Congress of International musicians for a year or two. I do not pretend to have been present at the seventy (odd) lectures given to these ladies and gentlemen, because I am not Sir Boyle Roche's bird and cannot be in more than one place at once. In fact I often found it hard work to be in one place. Some of the subjects were uninviting and the names of some of the lecturers were appalling. But I have read as many of the reports of the lectures as I could lay hands on and read the synopses of all the lectures; and though I made a scoffing remark last week, on reconsideration some of these performances must be admitted to constitute serious additions to the existing enormous volumes of talking and writing about music—talkings reported in brief and writings printed in full. Yet this Congress seems to me to have proved a futile affair. That polyglot list of papers might be a list of the papers read in this or any other year to the various musical associations of Europe; and in respect of the value of the contributions to musical literature—to use a wrong and, I fear, somewhat vulgar term—nothing whatever was gained by having so many read at the same time. Germans can hear discourses read in German in Germany, Frenchmen French papers in France; and certainly in England so many musical papers are read every year in so-called English that the terrific addition to the number this year was in the nature of a calamity. However, let us consider one or two of them for a moment.

Sir Hubert Parry's contribution, "On the Meaning of Ugliness in Art", was itself, according to the summary, nearly meaningless to a serious artist. From the point of view of the man in the street it was soothingly platitudinous. All that can be said about the ugly in art has long ago been said, said over and over again, in an inverted form, about the beautiful in art; and we are still no nearer than we were to anything satisfactory. In each age and each generation something is considered a beauty and something a blemish, and in the next age or generation the verdict is reversed; and it is only in the course of the centuries that a sort of a permanent average emerges and a Homer or Dante or Milton is accepted, for a period, as being a truly great and immortal artist; and as the world is still

young no one who expects to live to the age of Methuselah will dare to bet on the absolute continuance of his choice. Music, as an art, is so very young, and frequently so very childish, that it is idle to talk about any laws of beauty with regard to it. Despite Sir Hubert all we know is that this sort of average opinion holds up to the present so far as certain works, old or older, are concerned: with regard to the ugliness or beauty of the music of Strauss, Reger, Delius, Elgar, Holbrooke and Granville Bantock only a fool would dream of giving what he would call a final verdict. But Sir Hubert has a mind which, less subtle than Mr. Balfour's, is robust and alert; he has also the gift of humour; and he seems to have made his topic highly interesting. I discuss his paper because it is as well to remind certain critics that everything Sir Hubert says is not to be accepted as a proof of a kind of mathematical problem. Everything written as yet or spoken about music, unless it is based on æsthetic feeling, cannot lay claim to finality; in ten years it may be ignominiously upset. The speech set down to be delivered by William Hayman Cummings, Mus.Doc., was mere twaddle, and a lot of the other speeches seem to have been of the same quality; but the papers on the English Suite composers of the Seventeenth Century, the Educational Value of Tonic Solfa, German Folk-Songs, the Meaning and Expression of Pure Music, and I might mention many others, in some cases I know were, and in others must have been, of very great interest. The concerts organised by the International Society did not turn out to be remarkable. There was no special reason why they should have been given just at this time. If I ran such a concern as this Congress I should rule out music altogether, make a purely social gathering of it, not bore our Continental colleagues with what they have too much of all the year round, show them that we are an affable race, and let the rest go hang. Surely these friends of ours from abroad do not suppose that the members of the English branch of the Internationals really represent English music. If so, in spite of all the speechifying, the banquets, the special opera performances, they will be grievously mistaken.

As we have lost Richter, we must put up with the next best. I say this not in the least unkindly. But Sir Edward Elgar will recognise the fact that the experience of a lifetime cannot be acquired in half a lifetime, and that gifts such as Richter's are very, very rare. Sir Edward has conducted often before, but in my hearing it has always been his own work he has conducted. On Thursday evening he directed the London Symphony Orchestra in a miscellaneous programme at a concert specially arranged for him. In the first number, Berlioz' absurd "Corsair" overture, he came off middling well; but I wanted less of the solemn church flavour and more of the devil-may-care spirit of the poem on which Berlioz based his work. Anyone who plays this piece of purely ridiculous music ought to be half mad: to render it solemnly is only to make the ridiculous in it still more ridiculous. Unless the Romantics are taken at their own valuation, played, so to speak, at their own valuation, they appear preposterous. When Berlioz wrote the "Corsair" overture he was a Romantic of the Romantics; he took himself very seriously indeed and would have sworn that the salvation of the world depended upon himself and Byron being taken, swallowed and assimilated thoroughly and without question. Well, so far, the world has not taken him or his work, at any rate—at anything like his own estimate; but the "Corsair" overture is, all the same, one of his best compositions. No brains were needed for an understanding of the subject, and little genuine imagination was needed; and in these circumstances Berlioz hit upon a splendidly successful treatment of a rather abject, penny-novelté theme. Sir Edward did his best in getting through a far too fiery thing. He was infinitely better in a noble concerto of old Handel and the well-known Brahms variations. Here he displayed the requisite dignity and force: in the Brahms there was delicacy as well. I think he will be a successful musical director, and, as we

have none too many of them, we ought to be thankful. The new symphony turned out not to be so new after all. I expected an earth-shaking working, and heard only what I heard a few weeks ago. It is better music than I thought on a first hearing, but it is by no means amongst the immortal masterpieces. The slow movement grows on one; and also I felt a certain Beethovenian spirit of unity. The feeling of the first movement is carried through the following movements, and though one may not understand what on earth it is all about—which is what Coleridge said about the Fifth symphony—yet one feels it is about something. Elgar directed it as well as he did anything else; but he is like a great many composers—he plays the music of anyone else better than he does his own. But Sir Edward is just entering on a new line, and I don't wish to find fault with him when I, after all, am more likely to be wrong than he is; so I simply pass this remark, and will say something more when the next opportunity occurs. And when all is said and done, how much better it is to listen to new music and a new conductor than the most lively and stimulating of old theorists.

THE PARIS SALONS.

BY ERNEST DIMNET.

THE Grand Salon (Artistes Français) has been opened a month, and the other (Société Nationale) six weeks, and everything has been said about them. This everything is not much. Art criticism is as easy to pretend—not, alas, to practise—as financial reporting, and with a little technical vocabulary and a great deal of confidence, or with some timidity and a large descriptive vocabulary, anybody can sit down and write about pictures. But the results are poor. Even if one prefixes—as is the fashion nowadays—deep considerations from Plato or Lionardo da Vinci, the article soon becomes either a rehearsal of abstruse though sometimes perfectly jejune gibberish caught in studios, or oftener a sickening stream of lukewarm adjectives. At the bottom of it all lies the fear of committing one's self to anything like an independent judgment. Where is the human though wonderfully well-informed criticism of Delacroix? Where is the intelligent high relief of Gautier? Where is even the ignorant but sincere eloquence of Diderot? The chief fault of our faint-hearted guides is that they cannot choose, that is to say, they cannot omit. The two salons are as huddled in the pages of magazines as they are in the seventy rooms of the Grand Palais, and the reader is as bewildered as the uninitiated visitor. The business of the critic should be to tell us the general tendency, if there is one, of the Exhibition, and to let us know where to seek the score, or dozen, or half-dozen of interesting pictures. What is the good of devoting space to Bonnat, Ferrier, Flameng (at the Artistes Français) or even to Boldini (at the Société Nationale)? Year after year they hang the same pictures, and however good a painter may be he is judged, if you feel your eyebrows lifting up in disappointment at his everlasting sameness. This is a fault special to portrait painters, but others are not free from it. I will not speak of so inferior an artist as Didier Pouget with his eternal haze and heather, but men of unquestionable distinction like Gagliardini or Saint-Germier, or even Le Sidaner, or even La Touche, if they do not tire us, at least make us regret the pleasant morning in past years when we first saw the dazzling blue sky of one or the quaint Venetian scenes, or the poetic twilight, or the gallant anecdotes in magic colours of the others. The Belgians who taught such a lesson in conscientious métier when they first appeared with their admirable studies of brick and stone are also losing novelty, though Willaert is sure to move a melancholy fibre in us less by his subjects than by the ever-renewed charm of his shadows. The Spaniards had better be careful too. It is true that Sorolla and Zuloaga are absent this year, but the wildness and the picturesqueness, the deep green and yellows of their imitators which were such a joy a few

years ago are only pleasurable to-day. If Rusiñol tarries much longer in his Andalusian gardens we shall have to suspect him of entering the industrial phase, and it would be a great pity. Perhaps the presence in the same room of an imitator, a M. Charmayson, may be a cautious warning from some friendly hanger.

Does this mean that a good critic ought only to be attentive to undiscovered talents? Certainly not. A young painter of so much promise as Mr. Frank Craig, for instance, requires no doubt quite special attention—to tell it at once his boy this year is not so good as his admirable Sir John Jardine; the painting is too thin, exaggerates the natural distinction of the artist, and unnerves it—but many well-known talents simply compel attention. We miss three men at the Société Nationale, Carolus-Duran, Lucien Simon, and above all Cottet, who may not always be at their best, but whom we invariably leave with a desire to live long enough to see them again. Carolus is sometimes cloyingly brilliant, but his brilliance is richness, and as to Simon and Cottet they have both the infallibility and the wistfulness of the true artist, and year after year this lends something to their efforts which makes us feel at once sympathetic and grateful.

They are not the only ones. Jean-Paul Laurens and his two sons are never satisfied, though they are a most conscientious family, and I have no doubt that the rather melodramatic replica by the father of his "Inquisition" at the Luxembourg is an attempt to do better what he had done well before. The same may be said of Jacques Blanche, whose "Nijinski" is a little too savant but whom we are glad to see spending his knowledge on flowers firmly designed and solidly painted as Fantin-Latour used to like them. Marcel Baschet is not so successful with his Marquis de Dion as he was with his Rochefort three years ago and his Richelin last year, but it is the fault of his model, not of himself, and his painting remains that of a master. Joseph Bail is another man who after a brilliant début disappoints us every year without succeeding in discouraging us. Indefatigably we hope that he will have learned to paint human faces as well as he does brass things or yellow-white draperies: his success, partial though it be, blinds us to his failures. Others might be named: Aublet, Dinet, Maurice Denis, Aston Knight, or veterans like Harpignies, Iwill, Mesdag, or Cope or Lavery. Why is it that all of them with an adopted method and formula are so much more attractive than Bonnat for instance? The answer lies in the well-worn but expressive phrase: an artistic temperament, the striving after an adequate expression.

Nearly all the names I have mentioned (the exceptions are Bonnat, Frank Craig, the Laurens, Baschet, Knight, Saint-Germier, Gagliardini, Flameng and Ferrier) appear in the catalogue of the once heretical Société Nationale. In fact the superiority of this Salon is evident not only by the presence of the few really good pieces but by the universally higher standard and by a something vigorous in the treatment which we constantly miss in the rooms of the rival society. Yet, even here, true originality is rare. The old originality of the artist, the passion for beauty in design, seems to be gone; one realises it at once by glancing at a few Renaissance drawings. The taste of the age carries artists as well as writers towards the picturesque in outline, and towards colouring for colour's sake. The higher and almost metaphysical conception of beauty in shape and attitude is lost and has to be re-learned. Nudes abound, but they are uniformly ugly when they are not copied from Bouguereau and Cabanel. The only exception is perhaps "La Porte entr'ouverte" by Ullman, and Roll—the veteran painter of difficult shades of flesh and daring foreshortenings—seems to have deliberately aimed at glorifying clumsiness.

There is a dearth of imagination, too; it may even be that so-called realism which has long been responsible for it has brought about absolute barrenness. The ability not only to invent expressions and gestures, but even to disengage the telling trait in a motion on a

countenance, is exclusively nowadays the talent of the draughtsman, and makes him infinitely more interesting than the painter. The painter touches landscapes with feeling but he fails constantly in the portrait. The portraits at the Société Nationale have one characteristic in common with those in the Salon Officiel, the faces are sacrificed to the accessories. The exceptions are so few that I can only remember a pallid face of an aged priest, by Hochard, and a luminous portrait of a man, by Rixens, a painter whose work would be better known if he would venture on full lengths. The other painters by the score and the hundred lavish talent on dresses and backgrounds—the best still life in the Salon is a black and white hat in the hand of a lady, painted by Guirand de Scévola—and stoop to all sorts of tricks to give something like life to the faces. If you happen to think of the least sketch of La Tour, you hate those effigies in which not a single true line reveals a single true sentiment. But La Tour was a psychologist before being a painter, and the cunning of his hand only served his imagination.

There is not much inventiveness either in the so-called "clous" before which Parisians crowd. The chief one is "Un Vendredi au Salon", by Grün, at the Artistes Français, and what is it? Just a collection of portraits for the delight of snobs, a serious retranslation of a drawing of Sem's. Willette's "Tentation de Saint-Antoine" is clever, of course, but it is canaille, and imagination of this kind is cheap. Guillaume, and especially Béraud, are good painters, and their works will be documents for the history of modern frivolity, but the limitations of such an art appear at once. "La Leçon de Clavecin", by Muenier—another popular little scene—has only the charm of a well-painted keepsake. Much praise has been given to the portrait of Mademoiselle Vix of the Opéra Comique, by Corabœuf; some people compare its elaborate workmanship with that of Ingres. The fact is that it betrays uncommon application, but a symphony in brick and salmon reds will require the collaboration of time, of a very long time, to become at all pleasant. The portrait of King George, by Scott, is official painting: yet Van Dyck was an official painter too. Nothing in these favourite pictures exceeds the just pleasant in idea and execution. As to the large decorative paintings, by Comerre, Cormon, and even Besnard, they are as repellent as large decorative paintings invariably are at exhibitions.

To conclude in perfect honesty with what Newman calls so well a modest egotisticalness, my favourite pictures this year are, at the Société Nationale, the "Mother and Children," by Raymond Woog, a bright, daring, leaping piece of work; and at the other Salon, the subdued "Repas des Orphelines", by Renard, which I liked so much that I am astounded to hear it is awarded the Grand Medal. Here is a man who can paint happy, cheerful, human nuns—not impossible Blessed Damosels—and who has fixed the something almost tangible in the light from a side-window. Many people will, I am sure, think, like myself, that though he be a perfect stranger to them, his success is their success.

THE MORRIS NOTE.

By J. E. BARTON.

THOUGH everybody knew that William Morris had written a good deal, he has seldom been conceived as the steady producer of aggregate works. Few people, probably, even in the palmy days of the Morris cult, awaited every new book from him with excitement. He struck a certain note, and his name became the symbol of a certain attitude towards modern life. There was an end of the matter; and to grasp the essence of Morris it has never seemed necessary to read him entire, any more than we need plough through Herbert Spencer to get the hang of the "synthetic" philosophy.

A recent lecturer has said of Morris that he was the most Homeric of English poets. Striking as the fallacy may seem to-day, it is easy enough to see what is meant, and to understand both the admiration and the false

estimate to which many early readers of Morris were prone. He suited their profound impatience of the conventions, social and aesthetic alike, which pressed with such weight on the life of that generation. Even so clear a critic as Matthew Arnold, dealing with so essential a poet as Wordsworth, derived quite a disproportionate part of his appreciation from the conscious search for a way out—a deliberate desire to exchange the world as it is for some primitive, imagined world of the past. Morris had precisely the gift of assimilation which enabled him to strike this order of thought with peculiar appeal. His imagination was really fired by legendary pictures, by the colour and movement of every old story which conveys, or appears to convey, the breath of simple motive and feeling. He was a skilful and rapid craftsman, catching the archaic tone so readily that archaism with him almost ceased to be a trick and became second nature. To the exercise of these gifts in verse and prose, as in the decorative crafts, he was stirred above all by disgust of the false and cramping conditions which hamper life in an "industrial" civilisation. His outlook on the world, too, was acquired at a moment very favourable to Utopian idealism. Democracy was still a green and promising affair. It was going to work miracles, and Morris, though he calls himself the idle singer of an empty day, owed the true impulse of his work no less to an optimistic social creed than to his passion for the sort of beauty that is called antique or mediæval. No reconciliation is called for between his palate for the art of the middle ages and his modern propaganda. They are two aspects of the same enthusiasm, and neither is built on a very close perception of realities. The man who in politics would regenerate society by assuming a change in human nature was inevitably also the artist who found beauty, for the most part, in shapes and hues abstracted from the past.

His collected writings*, with all their interest and merit, exemplify very plainly the gap that lies between the enthusiasm of a selective talent and the intensity of creative genius. Seen thus in bulk, moreover, they revive in the mind some questions about art which criticism at all times must be prepared to face. Morris as an artist perpetually provokes one to ask whether "beauty" can rightly be an object of conscious search at all; whether such search is not self-defeated; whether, in fine, the whole decorative theory of the beautiful (so to put it) is not fundamentally wrong. Art, for the Morris school, is an acknowledged quest of something to correspond with an abstraction of their own thought. They possess a certain lexicon of beauty, more or less elastic, no doubt, but a lexicon compiled, after all, from nothing deeper than the accumulated sensations of the connoisseur. Original creations—the things which really inspire us, and of which the products of workers like Morris are more or less distorted reflections—have a source more natural and profound. The people who built and adorned the great Gothic churches, for example, were simply engaged in statement. They were all the while uttering facts: facts of structure or facts of feeling. The mediæval craftsman who designed and painted some sacred legend to fit a window had only two things, primarily, in view. He wanted to make the design fit its place, just as the masters in eighteenth century furniture made their chairs comfortable, first of all, to sit in. He also wanted to express the story as he understood it quite clearly, so that everybody else might understand it too. Complete union of these twin aims meant complete success. It is fairly certain that in the best mediæval work, the work which moves us most, the production of visual pleasure was quite a secondary purpose in the artist himself. His pleasurable effect on posterity resides in our sense of direct communion with his mind. To properly constituted human beings all fresh and intimate contact with other spirits is thrilling, peculiarly thrilling when we touch without sense of obstacle the spirit of an age divided remotely from us by time and manners. We ascribe the thrill to something

we call beauty, but this is only a manner of speaking. In itself the term "beauty", thus applied, is so inclusive as to be almost meaningless. At one moment we see the mediæval painter doing honour to a patron saint in something of the spirit in which a grateful city nowadays presents its freedom to some municipal benefactor. In another place we catch the sculptor uttering his native jests or satires in stone; stone being his medium, and the Church the natural resort of all men, including humorists. Or perhaps the sole object of something we admire was to adapt the building perfectly to its daily use; a thousand exquisite details being introduced from no other motive than that which prompts us to put on our best clothes when we go to a wedding. In all these examples our delight is similar. Whatever the original motive—courtesy to a saint, worship of God, the joy of coarse humour, the science of sheer structure, or the sense of what was due and decent—we respond equally to the fact that something is transparently expressed. It is just this transparency which we miss in so much modern work, of which the work of Morris is a type. The man who goes up to a wall and says "I will beautify this wall", is approaching his work from the wrong standpoint. To decorate a wall in the literal and forgotten sense of the word—to make it "becoming" and suitable for some purpose—is another thing altogether. The dial of a plain but good old clock is always pleasing. A Morris wallpaper tires us excessively, after a while. Nothing is easier to explain. The design on the wallpaper is only a cento of reminiscences, whereas our pleasure in the old clock-face is a by-product of its clear and simple utility, nicely considered by the man who made it in a period equally free from mechanical haste and from conscious aesthetic valuation.

It is highly significant that in all the creative ages of art there was no such thing as a catholic taste. Gothic builders in every period were ruthless towards the fine work of their predecessors, and Gothic expression as a whole was sincerely despised by those who found their natural vehicle in the Renaissance modes. "Lovers of the beautiful", in the modern sense of that rather sickly phrase, had probably small part in the highest achievements of the past. To cull sensations is the resource of people who have missed, or outgrown, the larger motives of life. The great artists of the world have drawn inspiration, invariably, from their own spontaneous and contemporary interest in man, nature, religion, or what not. Expression for them has been a vital necessity; and the expression itself can only be appreciated in relation to the full range of intellectual life which it embodies. I dare say that those who quarrel with this standpoint will deny that it covers such examples, for instance, as the French art of the eighteenth century. "Decoration", they will say, "was surely the object, and the sole object, of works so unquestionably masterly as the panels with which Fragonard adorned his salons". But even here the mastery lies, really, in the sincere utterance of a social spirit. The work may seem to serve nothing but an exquisite pleasure of the senses, but its true origin is the spirit of a society which lived for those refinements. Fundamentally, Watteau and Fragonard are as definite—in the sense that they have something direct to say—as Rembrandt or Michelangelo. If modern criticism has achieved anything, its success is due to bold rejection of the arbitrary and superficial notions which have long been bound up with our use of the words beautiful and ugly. More and more an artist is esteemed for what he has succeeded in saying, though his matter may range from practical structure to the ecstasy of worship, from stern contemplation of human destiny to the veriest foam of social elegance.

Morris and all writers akin to him are typical of an epoch equipped rather for appreciation than for statement. Such minds are reflective and assimilative. The facility with which they weave their tapestry of "mirror sights" is bought by the loss of those conditions on which the concentrated energy of the real poet depends. At best they evoke a phantasmal medley of remembered emotions, soothing enough to jaded appetites. At

* "Collected Works of William Morris." Vols. I. to VIII, London: Longmans, 1910. £12 12s. the 24 vols.

worst they are mere collectors of bric-à-brac, very irritating to ear and eye. Children of a critical generation, we look for the poet—if he is ever to come—whose genius shall transfuse the raw material of modern life which lies about us in virgin exuberance. It is impossible to say what he will be like when he arrives, but it is certain that he will not avert his eyes from the streets and people of his own time. He is sure to contemplate steadily, for his own spiritual purposes, those very phenomena of modern existence which so repelled Morris and his friends that they took refuge in a world of pleasing but not very satisfying shadows.

PHILOMEL.

THAT sort of canonisation by which notions become classic, the touch of the poets which fixes a traditional character, has in it a property of counteraction which is more curious than well observed. There is a natural tendency to rest content with a vague image formed out of literary commonplaces, to shift one's personal responsibility for observation of nature, and to take on trust the established formulæ. The locus classicus, the consecrated phrase, seems by the very accuracy of its presentation, which few trouble to make their own, to lead to an altogether conventional and impersonal apprehension of qualities which have won their way to the mythical.

It would probably be hard to find in the whole range of subjects which may be called "classic" a clearer instance of this kind of action and reaction than that offered by the legend of the nightingale. There is no need to labour the fact of the astonishing place held by the little bird in poetry of the first rank: the immortal song is a kind of assay, a challenge which hardly one of the greater, and certainly none of the secondary order, from the Ionians to our own practitioners, has thought of refusing. The influence of the tradition is of too complex a uniformity to be unravelled nowadays: myth of origin and metamorphosis and fable, the disproportion between the insignificant little frame and obscure colouring and the tragic mastery of the voice, the migration of the wanderer, the elements of spring-time and the dark, of silence, dew-drenched budding leaves, the moon, all add their share to the spell of Philomela's song. And the present result of the consensus of praise through twenty-four centuries, of the unquestioned honour of a supreme voice, seems to be that outside a certain number of people with a real taste for the country and something of the naturalist's instinct, it is odds against the ordinary cultivated Englishman being able to recognise with any convincing show of assurance the actual music of the bird, singing among the other voices of the woods in a forenoon between April and June. The great number of those who do all decent homage to the simulacrum in the classics, from Callimachus to Keats, who respond quite properly to the sentiment signalled by the word *Nachtigall* in a Lied of Schumann, might as well never have lived south of Trent or east of Severn, for all the personal acquaintance they have with the singer. A few notes heard by the hedgeside through the dust of a journey, among all the noise of the daylight chorus, are not to be considered as an effective introduction to the nightingale's music. There are neighbourhoods, or were until very lately, where one might, with one's elbows on the window-sill, catch enough on any spring night to understand the meaning of the strain; but as a general rule a proper hearing involves a visit to the copse-side or the underwood of the shaw after ten p.m., an approach in cautious silence, and the will to stand half an hour at least—an hour will afford the better data—perhaps in wet grass and the keen air which are too probable in an English spring, perhaps in the perfect conditions that a night of May or early June can show, the low moon silvering the meadows and dimly showing the bluebells in the hedge-side, with the rustle and pause of moving airs across the sweet warm dusk, the faint night-sounds, the plover's call far away, the drone of the brook over the weir, for half-heard undertone of

the song. A few audiences of this kind will show anyone who has an ear what is the actual foundation of the nightingale's fame. Here is a case in which a little painstaking analysis may very well reinforce the traditional report; the legend will not be found to suffer from a matter-of-fact investigation. The listener should get within a few yards of the singer; anyone who knows how to move his feet quietly will find no difficulty in this. The song loses its power in an apparently disproportionate way with the increase of distance; and though on a still night, and one when the very variable carrying power of the air is at its best, it will echo forcibly across a ten-acre field, and may be heard half a mile away, many of the more delicate passages are practically inaudible, and the louder ones lose much of their brilliancy, at fifty yards.

The first quality of the song to strike the uninitiate will probably be its power and volume; the next, perhaps, its distinctive timbre, the surpassing purity and ringing clearness of some notes, the liquid fluency and rich depth of others; lastly, the variety of phrases and motives in the repertory. In the differences of "expression" the nightingale is entirely apart from all other songsters: it uses an extraordinarily effective *accelerando*, and—what no other bird possesses any trace of—a perfectly controlled *crescendo* and *diminuendo*, sometimes employed on one long call, but more often extended, with startling power, over an ascent of detached notes. The use of the *portamento* or slide from note to note is another of the nightingale's gifts: yet another is the rehearsing of a phrase, or a series of phrases, *sotto voce*, and then repeating them with vehement power. The first of these graces it shares with the starling, whose most frequent whistle is a particularly neat slide, both up and down; the second is one of the blackbird's most charming fancies: but the resemblance in either case only serves to illustrate the incomparable mastery of the migrant. There is indeed no place for comparisons here: a full appreciation of the nightingale will only make us love the humbler minstrels the more. The morning and evening hymn of thrush and blackbird, the ringing challenge of the missel in a frosty twilight of February, the noon-tide din of the finches and warblers in a green wood, the lark in the clouds and the yellow-hammer flitting before the wayfarer along the dusty hedge, have every one its own unquestioned place in the concert of the year; but anyone who takes the trouble to give a proper hearing to the nightingale in its brief season will probably come to wonder very heartily—spite of all proverbial warnings about tastes—at the people who insist on making material comparisons, and are even found to maintain the blackcap's pretty warble as rivalling the other's tragic strain. There is no ground for argument in such a case; we cannot send a man out in the moonlight with his head full of Heine to listen to the blackcap: every one must hold to his own without reasons given.

It is difficult to judge of the actual number of distinct phrases in nightingale music used by a fine exponent. (It is worth observing that there is a certain range of gifts between individual birds, and that the same singer seems to vary in inspiration from time to time.) There is, of course, a number of recognisable and commonly repeated figures; but it is possible to listen for a quarter of an hour without hearing a whole stanza more than twice over. Even in a long audience, when the ear begins to classify the tunes that come so thick with their one-second breathing-pause, and to recognise some element of choice and favourite turns, there will come at any moment wholly new arrangements which the singer, as though pleased with the happy improvisation, will try over again with absolute accuracy of repetition, but not more than twice together. As regards mere technique, it is in this invention and creative power that the nightingale most easily surpasses its competitors. The song of the finches and warblers (as distinct from the various call-notes which vary with the season) is in almost every case a monotonous and quite regular trill or roulade: the song-thrush has a great deal of individuality in his clear, strenuous strain which some-

how always sounds a little excited. The blackbird in his leisurely meditative warble, dropping out his airs as if they were maxims of a ripe philosopher, has still more personality, so that anyone who takes the trouble may easily learn to distinguish the five or six performers who may have their pitches round a house or about a garden, and if he cares to write down their favourite flourishes, can make a very pretty collection of cadences and tunes. But the nightingale's strophes are in another world of sound; the semi-quavers which ripple like liquid crystal, the intense ringing brilliancy of the upturned note which ends a rich descant, the gutturals with a resonance in them like a harp-chord, or like the pizzicato note of a bass string, the reiterated pealing cry, gathering volume and speed at every breathless pause, the mysterious thin shrillings and grasshopper-whisperings on the very verge of audibility, the percussive accent, like the clink of silver hammers; these are the nightingale's alone. All these and more, which some have ponderously tried to represent by phonetic spellings of imitative human noises—Tereu, szquo-szquo, or the homely jug-jug*—are, with one or two exceptions, of extreme beauty: but lovely as they are as pure sound, they do not come into the reckoning of the nightingale's true power. They do not make the song which

" Oft times hath

Charmed magic casements opening on the foam
Of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn";

that is found in the intense pathetic appeal, the impression of grief which has moved all ages to think of the strain as a passionate lament, a "high requiem". There is no need for us to consider how the modulations of a voice producing deliberately ordered notes can stir the sense of elemental pain: that question touches human song as well as wood-notes wild. It is better to forget our science, as we very well may, and listen to the poignant modes which come among the lighter airs; a low dwelling utterance with a dying fall; a wild ascent through shrill accidentals to the height of passion, lost in sudden silence; an exquisitely tender, long-drawn, stealing note, perhaps the loveliest and the mournfullest sound the world has ever heard.

To go to nature and follow the singer through her actual scales and intervals, instead of resting idly in the literary tradition, will in the end show the tradition itself, beneath the mists of habit and convention, to contain all the facts, spiritual and bodily. Listening to the bird on soft summer nights will not desecrate the song; rather it will make a man say with Izaak Walton's Auceps: "the Nightingale, another of my airy creatures, breathes such loud music out of her little instrumental throat, that it might make mankind to think miracles are not ceased".

CORRESPONDENCE.

"THE CRISIS."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Cambridge, 6 June 1911.

SIR,—Your article called "The Crisis", 3 June 1911, has a fine seriousness, and a clear realisation that we are living in the midst of a very important crisis. I read it also as recognising that there is a fundamental disagreement, and that the time for conciliation is past, and that now there is nothing for it but hard fighting. This diagnosis of the situation makes certain sentences in the article seem all the more quaint. The sentences I mean are those which put the popularity of a coronation against that of a constitutional crisis.

It must of course be admitted that a truce has been called by the leaders of both parties, those who oppose the bills dealing with the second chamber rejoice because they see that the evil day is at least postponed, while the others are half content or at any rate have

consented to wait for a little, because they are filled with a new hope for the future, and a conviction that the progressive forces will at last have a chance in the everlasting struggle with the mighty and permanent conservative instincts of mankind. But even the most radical have a certain historic sense (or shall we say some conservative instincts) and something of the child who will always love romance; and to this historic and romantic sense the pageantry of the Coronation makes its appeal. Every fighter knows that pauses are a necessary preparation for victory.

Nearly every journal, Conservative, Liberal, and even Radical and Socialist, has sickened us with humbug and sycophancy about the Coronation, and we should all welcome an article which could make us realise that "there is much behind and in the Coronation that transcends the present constitutional crisis" and which would also explain "the sacred and high national significance of the rite".

And, Sir, in conclusion, as a humble member of the public, I venture to ask you with all respect to publish such an article, for surely if anywhere there must be on your staff many a writer who would be able and proud to write such a one.

Yours faithfully,

AUSTIN H. JOHNSON.

WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

2 June 1911.

SIR,—I must apologise for not having been able to send you my reply to Mr. W. N. Ewer's letter in your issue of 27 May in time for the issue of 3 June, but one reason of my delay was the fact that I wished, in justice to Mr. Ewer, to study the March Quarterly Report of the Trades Union Congress with the account of the deputation from its Parliamentary Committee received by Mr. Asquith on 9 February.

The W.S.P.U. is, rather uncomfortably for some people, wont to judge of people by "deeds, not words". From the deeds of most Adult Suffragists on this matter we have only too "good reason to suspect the bona fides of the Adult Suffragists". Mr. Keir Hardie and Mr. Philip Snowden have proved again and again by action on behalf of women suffragists in the House of Commons that they are tried and true friends; witness their embarrassing questions put to the Government at the time when the Hunger Strike and Forcible Feeding were going on. On the other hand, Mr. Henderson, on 5 May, when the fate of the women was in the balance, stated quite clearly that although he should vote for the second reading, he intended to do his best to kill the bill in committee stage, by the words: "We shall seek to extend the measure in the only consistent and logical direction that we ought to go, namely, the recognition of the claim of all women to have a vote instead of the 1,000,000 who are included in the scope of this measure". (Hansard, p. 794.) And if this absurdity of asking the House to enfranchise 11 million women to the 7½ million men voters failed, Mr. Henderson and those of his opinion intended to oppose the third reading, exactly the opposite attitude from that of Mr. Snowden. In other words, the Adult Suffragists take up the dog-in-the-manger attitude, that no women shall get votes until all men can get them. Now, the exact meaning of this attitude becomes even clearer when we examine the March Quarterly Report of the Trades Union Congress to which Mr. Ewer refers me. Will you allow me to quote in full the passage on page 31 to which he alludes?

"The next points in the resolution are universal adult suffrage and the abolition of plural voting. We have found in our Conferences for some years past, after keen debate, that enormous majorities of those we represent are more in favour of settling this matter of an extended franchise on the basis of adult suffrage than by any other means. We have, of course, supported any

* The tio-tio-tio-tio-tinx in "The Birds" is a close attempt at a familiar phrase ending on a high note.

proposal to extend either to men or women the franchise, although short of the complete solution which we believe adult suffrage would be, but we feel that the only way of satisfactorily settling this very contentious question is by giving to the adult population as a whole the right to a vote in settling the laws of our land. There is no doubt that millions of men and women who are quite as qualified to use the vote as those who now possess that right are disqualified by the existing franchise system. After an election we talk of the will of the country having been expressed at the poll. The fact is that our franchise system has permitted only a minority of the people to express their will in one form or another regarding the important national questions of the day."

My examination of this passage does not, I regret to say, induce me to withdraw my charge of want of bona fides.

(1) Although the phrase "men and women" is used twice in the passage, most people will agree with me there is no specific demand in this speech for votes for all women. Mr. Henderson's speech was strangely at variance with the passage: "We have, of course, supported any proposal to extend either to men or women the franchise", unless the Congress understands by that merely academic support of a second reading.

(2) On page 33 of the Report are given the words of Mr. W. J. Davis on the question of Adult Suffrage. All the way through the speech it is male Adult Suffrage which is emphasised. Such phrases as: "One man, one vote, should be the great principle of electoral reform"; "I want only one vote. I am only one man"; "Why should university men have a vote in addition to their vote as citizens?" "We say that it should be the duty of the rating officials to see that every man is on the register;" point only in one direction.

(3) If any doubt as to the very hazy nature of the reference to Woman Adult Suffrage remains, it is fully removed by Mr. Asquith's own words: "We believe that a man's right to vote depends on his being a citizen—that, *prima facie*, a man who is a citizen of full age and of competent understanding ought to be entitled to one vote, and no more. On that point I am sure that we are all in thorough agreement. As regards Adult Suffrage, I have not heard any allusion to one rather thorny aspect of that question—the distinction of sex. Let us leave that. I do not know if you are all agreed on that matter; you may be."

I ask Mr. Ewer if, in face of such words as these, as well as those of Mr. Henderson, he can still expect me to believe that Adult Suffragists are such genuine supporters of Woman Suffrage that they would hesitate to throw over our cause if that were the *sine qua non* of their getting their own desire, Adult Suffrage. The two questions are, of course, quite distinct. One is a sex franchise; the other is a class franchise. If the sex-bar were once removed, there could be no attempt at excluding the women when Adult Suffrage does become law. But if the two things are to be attempted together, we know quite well that one will have to be sacrificed, and there is no doubt which it would be.

Mr. Ewer professes to be unable to see why Mr. Henderson and Mr. Burdett Coutts' arguments annul each other. I have often to complain of the obtuseness of "the logical sex", of their inability to draw inferences. Mr. Henderson objects to the Conciliation Bill because it will hinder Adult Suffrage. Sir Maurice Levy objects to the Conciliation Bill because it will help the Conservatives. Mr. Burdett Coutts objects to the Conciliation Bill because it will help Adult Suffrage. The opponents of each party object to the bill because they fear that their party foes will gain an advantage. Have they any justification for such a belief? May I refer them to the way Woman Suffrage became law in New Zealand? It was brought in by a Conservative Premier in the hopes that the women would vote Conservative. But there has never been a Conservative Government in power since, the women of New Zealand showing the same political trend as the men.

Finally, Mr. Ewer can hardly suspect my bona fides

as a Suffragist, for I have proved my faith by deeds as well as words.

Yours, etc.,

EMILY WILDING DAVISON.

THE COPTS IN EGYPT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Queen's College, Oxford, 6 June 1911.

SIR,—The Copts have just published, through their representatives in England, a very able reply to the criticisms passed upon their recent Congress and claims by Sir Eldon Gorst in his Report. It is short, well arranged, clear and conclusive. The criticisms are taken one by one, and shown to be without foundation.

The Congress was neither unrepresentative nor disapproved of by the Coptic Patriarch. For obvious reasons no official took part in it, but "no single member of the Coptic population" opposed it. And the only criticism passed upon it by the Patriarch was "to advise that it should meet at Cairo rather than at Assiout".

As for the contention that the Copts are unsuited for the posts of Mudir, Sub-Mudir, or Mamur—that is to say all the higher official posts with corresponding salaries—the best answer is that they did hold them up to the time of the English Occupation to the satisfaction of Mohammed Ali and his successors. The idea that a Copt is unfitted to govern his Mohammedan fellow-countrymen has been introduced since 1882. If there is any ground for it, this would be due to the results of the English policy of favouring the Mohammedans at the expense of the Christians. When I first knew Egypt in the pre-Occupation days the religious antagonism between Copts and Mohammedans did not as yet exist: they were all alike Egyptians. The Copts may well ask whose fault it is that the miasma of Mohammedan fanaticism has been allowed to spread over the country, and that the abominable charges against them and the incitements to crime which appear in the Mohammedan papers are allowed to go unpunished. One of the worst offenders has been a paper which enjoys the patronage of the Prime Minister himself.

The diplomatic fiction that the murder of Butros Pasha was a purely political crime of course deceives no one who is acquainted with Egypt. Politics in the mind of an Egyptian "Nationalist" means Islam, and it was not only the low-caste native but the upper class native as well who regarded Wardani as a religious martyr. Butros Pasha belonged to a people under tribute, and a conscientious Mohammedan is bound to look upon assassination as a light punishment for the tributary Christian who dares to assume semi-independent rule over a Mohammedan population.

Statistics have been invoked to prove that the Copts actually hold more than their proportionate share of the official posts in Egypt. If they did, there would be some justification for it, as they possess a large part of the property and most of the brains of the country. But as a matter of fact, they are excluded not only from the higher administrative posts, but also from a considerable proportion of the pensionable ones, and the statistics have been so manipulated as to produce a wholly wrong impression of the actual facts. In the Report the Copts who hold non-pensionable offices have been included, while the Mohammedans who hold them have been carefully excluded. If the statistics had been accurately given it would have been found that while the Copts are in receipt of 10 per cent. of the Government posts they get only six per cent. of the pay.

The most serious complaint, however, which the Copts have to bring against the existing order of things is that which relates to education. Provincial Councils have lately been established, and they have been authorised to levy a super-tax equal to five per cent. of the general Land Tax, chiefly for the purposes of education. Of this the Copts pay about sixteen per cent., and they feel that in return some provision should

be made for the education of their children. The British Agent tells them to send the children to the Government schools, but these schools are purely Islamic institutions in which the Qorân is made the basis of instruction. No Christian who believes his own religion and has a first-hand acquaintance with Mohammedanism and its effects upon the young could let his children go to them. Of course it is said that Arabic cannot be properly taught without using the Qorân as a text-book: to this it is sufficient to reply that it is taught efficiently without doing anything of the kind in the Jesuit and American schools. By all means let the Qorân be studied—scientifically that is to say—in the secondary schools, but to make it the foundation of teaching in the primary schools is to introduce a more effective method of forcing the Christian remnant in Egypt to forsake their religion than all the Mohammedan persecutions of the past. And to tax the Coptic parent in order that his children may be turned into Mohammedans is going a little too far. The invention of the scheme says much for the ingenuity of that great Mohammedanising power, the British control.

Yours, etc.,

A. H. SAYCE.

LORD DUNSANY'S "THE GODS OF THE MOUNTAIN."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Athenæum, Pall Mall, S.W.

6 June 1911.

SIR,—Your dramatic critic, in his appreciative notice entitled "Two Plays for the Few" of Lord Dunsany's play "The Gods of the Mountain", now being performed at the Haymarket Theatre, ascribes the design of "The Hall of the City of Kongros" to my friend Mr. S. H. Sime.

In justice to Mr. Walter Bayes, it should be stated that the latter artist both designed and executed the painting of that principal scene. He also painted the first scene, "Outside the City Wall", which was the one designed by Mr. Sime.

I am, Sir, faithfully yours,

HERBERT TRENCH.

THE GIPSY GIRL.

"COME, try your skill, kind gentlemen,
A penny for three tries!"

Some threw and lost, some threw and won
A ten-a-penny prize.

She was a tawny gipsy girl,
A girl of twenty years,
I liked her for the lumps of gold
That jingled from her ears;

I liked the flaring yellow scarf
Bound loose about her throat,
I liked her showy purple gown
And flashy velvet coat.

A man came up, too loose of tongue,
And said no good to her;
She did not blush as Saxons do,
Or turn upon the cur;

She fawned and whined "Sweet gentleman,
A penny for three tries!"
—But Oh the den of wild things in
The darkness of her eyes!

The tameless savage of her soul
Was like a wolf to see,
And more than all her pretty rags
And riches humoured me.

RALPH HODGSON.

REVIEWS.

THE WHITEWASHING OF ELAGABALUS.

"The Amazing Emperor Heliogabalus." By J. Stuart Hay. London: Macmillan. 1911. 8s. 6d. net.

THE third century of the Roman Empire is the most obscure and the least explored in Roman history. Partly from the dearth of great authorities, partly from the influx of new forces, social and religious, strange to the old Roman tone and character, it is perhaps the hardest age to interpret in the long history of Rome. It calls for a genius such as Renan, deeply versed in the authorities and inspired by a quick sympathy with the pagan faiths of the past, and respect for the faith of the future, with a judicial tact in estimating the value of fragmentary evidence, and a still rarer power of imaginative reconstruction, without substituting hypothesis of partiality or hatred for fact. Any effort made in such a spirit to throw light on dim corners of that age should be welcomed by all scholars, even if it failed to irradiate the whole. We cannot honestly say that this book complies with these modest demands. Mr. Stuart Hay, we gladly concede, shows that he has diligently studied the meagre authorities, including coins and inscriptions, for the reign of Elagabalus. He seems also to have paid proper attention to the critical literature on the fontes, to which he devotes a chapter that is probably the best in his book. He has a quick, ingenious mind, which, freed from some disturbing prejudices, and more thoroughly disciplined in the difficult art of weighing evidence, and of discerning the line between a legitimate exercise of imaginative sympathy and reckless and prejudiced hypothesis, might probably do good work of exploration. We regret to say that this work shows a lamentable want of such discipline and self-restraint. It starts with a *parti pris*, which is to be maintained at all costs. All the authorities, though they are tolerably unanimous, are discredited, partly by the fluctuating and precarious theories of German critics, partly by the unproven charge of interested subservience to the succeeding Emperor, or of ecclesiastical malice. A miserable boy of fourteen precociously tainted with all the unmentionable vices of the East is to be relieved of his historic infamy by the indulgent psychology of Mr. Hay, and turned into a great religious founder and strong-willed statesman, done to death and defamed by his ambitious grandmother, who found her imperious will defied!

Everyone knows that the scandals of Suetonius and the Augustan Histories are not always to be trusted. Rome was a city of poisonous gossip, and men in high place have their characters assailed in every age. The foul tales of Lampridius probably contain much prurient invention. But Mr. Hay treats lightly the fact that Dion Cassius and Herodian were contemporaries of Elagabalus, and that Dion Cassius held high office during three reigns and has been recognised by Professor Bury as of inestimable value. Marius Maximus, also a contemporary, whose work is now lost, is regarded as probably the ultimate source of much of the record. These authorities are not dealt with in the quiet tone of judicial criticism: they are treated as flatterers and "bedesmen" of the succeeding Emperor, "paid traducers" of Elagabalus, exalting the "smug propriety" of Alexander, in order to blacken the infamy of his cousin. Elagabalus is a gentle, affectionate boy, with unfortunate homosexual instincts. Alexander is "a nincompoop and born prig", "who had no desire to live his life as a man, instead of as a vegetable". That is Mr. Hay's description of his aversion from the enormities of Elagabalus.

Yet even Mr. Hay, with all his lofty contempt for our authorities, does not reject their testimony as to these enormities. He prefers to treat the boy-Emperor as afflicted with an abnormal sexual instinct, unfortunate, no doubt, but a disease and not a vice. And here we touch the point which seems to us the great blot on this book. With a cheap cynicism, expressed in coarse sneers and pointless epigrams, the author seems to

delight in ignoring moral instincts common to all ages, just as he seldom misses a chance of venting his scorn for the Christian faith. We can imagine what Renan or the late Lord Acton, could they have read this book, would have thought of its tone. Probably, in addition to his uninteresting virtue, the fact that Alexander had in his private chapel an image of Christ had made him the special mark for Mr. Hay's contempt. The only religion, apparently, for which he has any respect is that of Elagabal, which the Emperor brought from Emesa to the Palatine. And Mr. Hay magnifies the fervent religious feeling and wide outlook with which he resolved to give the world an all-embracing monotheism. Mr. Hay seems to be more at home in numismatics and minute chronology than in the history of Roman religion, and especially of the Eastern cults. His statements about the date of introduction of Mithraism and its relation to Magna Mater are puzzling. And a glance at Cumont would have shown him the small place given to Elagabal in the history of sun-worship from its appearance in the reign of Hadrian to Julian. He must make a much wider and more thorough study of this subject before he will be accepted as an authority by serious students.

The author also betrays a serious misconception of the massive, unchanging Roman character, which, in spite of all aberrations, retained what he would think a Philistine conventionality, but what was really a sound moral instinct. The Romans had a stolid, old-fashioned prejudice in favour of decency and dignity in the chiefs of the state, which avenged itself on a Nero or a Domitian, who, after all, were men. They were not likely to tolerate long a neurotic boy of seventeen, who in less than four years squandered £400,000,000 in insane profusion and luxury, and who paraded his impotent prurience and all the harem vices of the East on the Palatine. To plead that such a creature was kind and softly affectionate, that he is called "Indulgentissimus" on medals and inscriptions, that he was devoutly absorbed in a religious revolution, really shows a rather daring contempt for ordinary robust commonsense. Mr. Hay thinks that Elagabalus was the innocent victim of a conspiracy organised by Mæsa to place Alexander on the throne. If that were true, it would be to the credit of Mæsa. We believe, with the authorities, that his fall was due to the healthy instincts of the people and the army, who were revolted by the spectacle of a silly, vicious boy, surrounded by creatures as depraved as himself, pretending to govern the Roman world.

The path to literary notoriety has sometimes been sought by the effort to whitewash a notorious character. It is perhaps a pardonable attempt where the subject has shown some traces of distinction and virility. But, in spite of all his ingenuity and powers of Nisi Prius pleading, Mr. Stuart's task is beyond his strength. His conception of evidence might discredit any authority and substitute any hypothesis. He creates a constant suspicion of his method by the sneering contempt and even the ferocity with which he pursues anyone, ancient or modern, who seems to interfere with his conclusions. On questions where certainty is impossible he speaks with a dogmatism which would only be excused either by omniscience or by extreme youth. To flout conventional moral distinctions and the faith of Europe for eighteen hundred years, may, for all we know, be the brand of a superior culture in some modern neo-pagan circles. We have met something like it in our youth. It still retains the old decadent hankering for the heavy atmosphere of the vaults of a vanished world. But in its latest form it has lost a certain alluring charm of style. The style of this book, full of crude effects, splashy colouring, colloquial dogmatism often verging on vulgarity, is hardly calculated to commend its conclusions to those who have been denied the privilege of the new historic culture. Mr. Stuart Hay has undoubted ability and learning, but it will need greater talent than his, and greater literary art to reverse the verdict of history and of Gibbon.

SHADOWS OF SHADOWS.

"The Street of To-day." By John Masefield. London: Dent. 1911. 6s.

"THE Street of To-day" is a remarkable achievement. It is a novel of four hundred pages, full of an aspiring seriousness, of a sense of beauty and even of beauty itself, and yet almost impossible to read. Not that it is difficult, for though far from superficial it is oftenest quite lucid. But the truth is it is a novel by a lyric essayist and therefore too long by near four hundred pages. Any one or any dozen of these pages contains admirable writing and can be read with joy; and joy or not, must be read somehow, for it has a moving spirit. But suppose that Shelley, instead of writing "The Skylark" had in that mood written a novel as long as "Frankenstein". That is what Mr. Masefield has done. He is one of the most notable of the younger writers to-day. He has enthusiasm and also austerity, and he has done some hard work. He has attempted many different things, poems, stories, what we are sorry to have to call prose poems, novels, plays, histories, boys' books, and in none of them has he produced anything common or beneath himself. He has, however, always been a lyrist and an egoist, even in his beautiful play of "Nan". He sees everything as a solitary brooding man. He sees the surface of men and women and nature; no man with greater pathos and delight; but he has seen them always from outside. Having a yearning sympathy with a multitude of things, he has penetrated nothing. What his experience may have been we do not know, but his generalisations seem to come from within him rather than from experience, and with their help he sings about life with a range equal to that of a blackbird's song, hardly more. Nevertheless, his "Captain Margaret", for example, could be read. It was, as one of his characters in "The Street of To-day" would have said, a "rather beautiful book", and it was a touching book, nor only because the story was sad. In that book, however, he had a poetic framework that favoured him. It was wonderful that he should keep the blackbird note unstrained all through and without nausea. This he has not been able to do in "The Street of To-day". His people are modern middle-class men and women, who have little external attraction for us; they have no adventures. He fails, but not for lack of effort. He has not tried to adapt them to his favourite old airs; on the contrary, he allows them time after time to spoil the tune, and he can always command either our admiration or our affection. Apparently they have had their way with him overmuch; the book is nervous and keeps the reader nervous, partly by its staccato style, with which we cannot for long at a time keep pace. The whole book suggests, and at its best provokes, a cloistral excitement about life: at times it comes near to vertigo. In fact the author seems to have a feeling about life, a brave and chivalrous one, which is here rather accidentally betrayed than fitly expressed. We confuse him and his characters, the men and the women, over and over again. He ought, we suggest, to have chosen a form in which he could have used the first person singular throughout: his eloquence would not then have been wasted. As it is, such things as the superabundance of references to perfumes and their significance are bad art and tiresome. Also, Mr. Masefield ought to try writing a book without a woman in it. If he cared to write a personal statement of his thoughts about women, very well; or if he were to use a form like Maeterlinck's "Intérieur", very well; but the novel is not fitted or suitable for the description of fleeting and phantasmal impressions, though these are full of grace and a certain slender nobility. He or one of his characters talks frequently in this style: "Her brain was that choice intellectual thing, the brain of a man, made finer and nobler by the discipline of womanhood". His hero looks at a woman, "wondering at woman's nobleness", and wonders "how it felt to be, physically, something at once arresting and humbling". Only women, it seems, "only women talk". Mr. Masefield himself says: "If we keep keen, as women do, with their bright, clear minds", and "Woman is a choicer creature than man".

Another character says "They are finer than men. They're something men can't approach on any plane." "Women", says Mr. Masfield, "know the worth of health". This might be well enough in a panegyric, though it could hardly be pronounced before women; but to say the least of it, Mr. Masfield has not convinced us that the novel should be employed for panegyric.

A MONK OF BEC AND ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER.

"Gilbert Crispin, Abbot of Westminster." By J. Armitage Robinson. Cambridge: At the University Press. 1911. 5s. net.

DR. ARMITAGE ROBINSON has left a memorial of his years at Westminster in the series of monographs that he has recently published on the manuscripts and history of the Abbey. It is particularly fitting that one of his last acts as Dean should have been the publication of the life and works of one of his most distinguished predecessors, Gilbert Crispin. Crispin was one of those monks of the Abbey of Bec to whom the Church of England owes so great a debt. In his day he was scarcely less famous than his master, Lanfranc, and his friend, Anselm. But whether it be the result of the destruction of the Chapter manuscripts at the dissolution of the monastery or of the fire in 1694, the materials for his life are scanty and not easily accessible. Dr. Robinson's work must have meant much curious research and patient care.

Gilbert Crispin was a member of a great Norman family, so-called, according to the family chronicler, from their hair standing on end. His mother was a Montfort from Montfort L'Amaury between Paris and Chartres. Close to his father's home was the Abbey of Bec. It was to Bec that, a few years before, the great scholar Lanfranc had gone because "There was no monastery poorer or more despised". Thanks chiefly to him, to his pupil Anselm, and to Herluin its founder, "Anselmus mitis, Herluinus devotus, Lanfrancus sapiens", as an anonymous monk described them, it had become the centre of Norman religious life, and William's recruiting ground for ecclesiastical appointments in England.

It was, therefore, natural that Gilbert Crispin, one of the sons of the neighbouring family, should have been admitted at an early age to the monastery. Gilbert was younger than Anselm; but they seem to have had much in common, and to have soon become close friends. Both had the same gentle and affectionate nature, both were scholars and theologians, both avoided rather than sought high office. Several of the letters that passed between them are extant; one of the earliest shows how great was Anselm's grief when Crispin left Bec to become Abbot of Westminster. In less than ten years Anselm was to rejoin him in England as Archbishop of Canterbury.

Gilbert's tenure of office lasted until his death in 1117. For more than thirty years he directed the affairs of the great monastery and its eighty monks. It is this length of office that makes his name noteworthy in the history of the English Church. William the Conqueror's reign was almost ended, and one of Crispin's first duties was to assist Lanfranc at the Coronation of William Rufus. Whilst the see of Canterbury was vacant and the Church on all sides suffering spoliation, it was no small gain to have a young Abbot of great reputation firmly established at Westminster. Throughout the investiture controversy of the next reign Crispin still remained at his post though, to his sincere regret, Anselm left the country.

"Grex duce nullo", he wrote in an epistolary poem to the absent Archbishop, "devius errat; nemo reducit; pascua quaerit."

Amidst all these changes and chances he seems to have succeeded in developing the Abbey's resources, and to have produced several theological and ecclesiastical works of wide repute. Perhaps the most picturesque event during his abbacy was the

opening of the Confessor's tomb in 1102. Dr. Robinson gives a translation of Prior Osbert's account of the ceremony. One of the details illustrates Crispin's sensitive nature. When Gundulf, Bishop of Rochester, "essayed to draw gently forth a single hair from the Confessor's head, Gilbert intervened and cried 'What is this, good Bishop, that thou dost? In the land of the living he hath attained an eternal inheritance with the Saints of God; wherefor then dost thou seek to diminish his share of temporal glory? Cease, honoured sir, so to presume: vex not the King in his royal bed'".

Of Crispin's literary work there are extant some personal letters, obviously the work of an agreeable and an affectionate man, a vivid and detailed life of Abbot Herluin, a treatise, most appropriate to his times, on Simony, and a disputation with a Jew of Mainz.

These Dr. Robinson rightly publishes in his life. The result is a book that throws light on an early abbot and the administration of Westminster under the three Norman kings. Gilbert is buried in the cloisters. The slab of black Tournai marble with its figure of the Abbot in high relief is the oldest sculptured monument in the Abbey. As soon as the Abbey is freed from its palisades and its tiers of wooden seats we shall make a pilgrimage to the tomb of one who was well described in his epitaph as "fortis, prudens, moderatus, doctus".

BATTLE HONOURS.

"Battle Honours of the British Army, from Tangier, 1662, to the Commencement of the Reign of King Edward VII." By C. B. Norman. With Maps and Illustrations. London: Murray. 1911. 15s. net.

ONLY the few who have been engaged in researches among the military papers at the Public Record Office can form any idea of the enormous amount of work this book represents. For to ascertain the losses of any one corps in some battle even less than a century ago requires much wearisome labour. But in this volume a most gallant attempt has been made to record the casualties of every corps which has served in the British and Indian armies since the siege of Tangier in 1662. That this has been done successfully in nearly every case shows the thoroughness with which the author has set about his task. Naturally enough, there are some omissions. Thus both at Ramillies and Oudenarde, although the names of the regiments engaged are all given, the schedule of losses is left in blank in the hope that some day they may be ascertained. But the book is a mine of information for anybody who may wish to know about our wars, great and small, the sieges, battles and minor actions, what regiments took part in them, the numbers employed and the casualties incurred, during the last 250 years.

How complex was the problem will be realised by a mere enumeration of some of the difficulties which attends all such military research. Corps were enrolled, named, numbered and subsequently disbanded. Later on, other regiments were raised bearing similar numbers, yet again to be disbanded and so on. The final be-devilment of our infantry was effected in 1881, just thirty years ago, when the numerals sanctified by generations of fighting were abolished and corps flung together in ill-assorted confusion. That in these circumstances Mr. Norman has made so few mistakes is surprising. It would be idle to pretend there are no errors, but these can be rectified easily by an errata slip. With the general arrangement of the book we are not so well pleased. Too much space has been devoted to obscure minor campaigns in India. No less than eleven chapters out of the twenty-seven deal with wars in Hindustan and the countries around its borders. There are not a few minor misprints, such as Coldstreams for Coldstream; Mandora and Marabout are given as having taken place in 1802 instead of in 1801, Craufurd is spelt Crawford, and the attack on the Boer position near Belfast on 27 August 1900 is described as "the defence of Belfast on 7 January 1900", a curious mistake.

Incidentally the book draws attention to many matters of great interest in connexion with the conditions under which our soldiers have fought. All humane people deplore the absolute lack of consideration shown by our authorities less than a century ago in matters where the lives, comfort or well-being of our officers and men were concerned. Still, these ill-requited soldiers had compensations unknown to our men of to-day. Among these was prize money. Thus at the storming of Bhurtpore in 1826 the Commander-in-Chief's share was the modest sum of £59,500, whilst majors received £950 apiece and every private man £4. Again, at the taking of Amboyna in 1796, the major who commanded received £13,583, every captain £1314, subalterns half that sum and every private no less than £44. A man accustomed to one shilling a day, less "stoppages", would find a good deal of spending in such a sum.

Mr. Norman makes an interesting point with regard to Waterloo which we have not seen before. The Prussian army at Waterloo, he shows, was virtually an army of mercenaries kept in the field by British gold. Between 1814 and 1816 we paid them over six and a half millions! It would be well for Germans to realise this fact and that their troops at Waterloo, whatever may have been their share in the victory, were paid by England to fight the French.

The book concludes with a chapter upon "Missing Battle Honours", which is well worth careful study and which we trust may be brought to the notice of General Ewart's Committee on Battle Honours now sitting and receive the attention it deserves. The whole matter fairly bristles with startling anomalies. Minor engagements have been "honoured" whilst famous and decisive fights have been ignored. Marlborough's long list of splendid victories is commemorated by only four names—of these, two, Ramilies and Oudenarde, are far outshone by his deeds at Ath, Douai, Liège and Lille, names all absolutely unknown in our army. Wellington was allowed twenty-four "Honours", some of which were for small affairs. Again, the absurd importance given to minor fights in Asia, more especially in Persia and Afghanistan, is well exposed.

Everybody who refers to this book must surely feel unbounded admiration for the officers and men who laid down their lives so nobly in the making of our Empire. For to the great majority of these gallant souls the most compelling factor in battle was their martial pride in themselves as "Britons" and the honour and glory of their beloved corps. For such men the one lasting reward was the bestowal of a "Battle Honour" to carry on their colours—whether they survived the fight or not made no difference. For they had upheld the honour and traditions of their regiment and had handed on its reputation untarnished. It is painful to recall that within the last few months the Army Council being for the most part men untouched by esprit de corps and without share in the high regimental traditions of our Army, have decided to grant these gloriously won Battle Honours to Lord Haldane's moribund militiamen labelled "Special Reservists" and suchlike. One more desperate attempt to popularise our "voluntary" system! Where will the farce end? The fighting ranks in our army who have seen their hard won titles extended to all the departments, such as Army Service Corps, medical men and veterinary surgeons, must now see their cherished "Battle Honours" too granted to any crowd of raw boys who can be cajoled by Lord Haldane into donning a uniform for a few weeks in the year. Small wonder the "supply of officers" is falling off.

HUMAN "FAULTS".

"Unfinished Man." By Albert Wilson M.D. London: Greening. 1910. 10s. 6d. net.

THIS is a book that should be read and considered; it will set people thinking, especially those who generalise carelessly, declaring either that all criminals are mad, or that all offenders must needs be punished,

and who look upon lurid accounts of sensational tragedies and clever stories of the wiles of detectives as serious contributions to the science of criminology. Whether we altogether agree with Dr. Wilson or not, his method is right. Most modern thinkers have become sensible of the futility of punishing a prisoner solely for some one thing which he or she did on a particular day, whereas the circumstances of every case may give entirely different explanations of the defendant's position. The judges indeed have powers of discretion, but they possess only one remedy—punishment—the effects of which are always rough and uncertain, and all they can do is to apportion the doses or refrain from imposing any. And while the courts are very efficient for determining questions of guilt or innocence, they lack the time, the knowledge, and the machinery to mete out the proper treatment necessary for all the different kinds of convicts, many of whom should be patients though prisoners. The aim of the new school has been expressed by one who has had years of practical experience as a director of police; it is to take a person accused to task, much less for doing what he did, than for becoming what he was.

The living material out of which the criminals are evolved, and from which, under present conditions, offenders must surely come, is very ably examined and classified by the author. It is a depressing story, but the facts must be faced if any good is to be accomplished. We are told about infants injured before they are even born, and of children starved and stunted in early years; of many whose brains must ever be undeveloped, who are agenerate rather than degenerate, since they have never been up to the normal standard and cannot hope to attain average capacity. Dr. Wilson goes so far as to affirm that "in the born criminal the child-like state continues through life instead of disappearing with the advance of youth and adolescence", but is not this also approaching Mr. J. M. Barrie's definition of genius, that splendid gift which seems so near insanity?

The book abounds in plans and suggestions for putting our national house in order, and if a few of them are a little reckless, many are excellent. The poor should not, he argues, bring into existence larger families than they can manage to bring up decently. We were reminded of this through visiting a household in the district of a collegiate settlement a few months ago. There were two rooms, one of which had a fire and served as kitchen; it was a bedroom as well, and there, lying weak and wasted, a lad was dying; in the mother's arms a baby was vomiting—at which nobody appeared to be in the least disturbed—two other children stood looking on. We believe there were six youngsters, besides the parents, beginning life in this sordid lodging-house. The clergyman with us said they were decent people and that the abode was nothing out of the ordinary.

The author, following a number of recent writers, advocates labour colonies for our social failures, and tells us of those he saw in Holland and Belgium. There are amongst us, stranded like human wreckage along the curbstones, thousands of people who cannot keep straight unaided. They are not actively wicked, but they are always in trouble. Often, in the beginning, they throw up work, and later, they drift into the herd of the unemployable who cannot obtain it. Clearly these helpless outcasts should be looked after, persistent loafing should become an offence, and those who are proved to be chronically incapable should be sent to a special sort of institution, an adults' school, where they will be made to work and allowed to play, but where, for a lengthy term, they will be directed and governed and kept from drink, until released, after years of training, to see if they are restored.

It would take a very long article to dwell upon all the good points in the book, even to mention all the matters of interest that are scattered throughout it. The short section devoted to the problems raised by the phenomena of hermaphroditism is worthy of study. So far the law has only seen fit to recognise gross insanity. But really the author should

read his proofs, and we cannot acquit him of considerable carelessness. Thus we find Ferrar written for Ferrer, Kraft-Ebing for Krafft-Ebing, and a figure made up of 1 over six ciphers, which means infinity, if it means anything. Justinian I. did nothing whatever in 300 B.C. or for some eight hundred years afterwards. Even upon the frontispiece Dr. Budge's name is spelled Bridge, although it is given correctly on page 121. We imagine that Mr. Justice Stephens is meant for Stephen, but what are we to think of the "Counsel of Trente"? Doubtless the author could and would have corrected all these mistakes had he read over the pages. He is probably a busy man with a number of patients, which may also account for his habit of browsing, and of making cursory remarks upon religion, politics, and extraneous subjects, which he had better have left alone. But when he keeps to his special study and writes of men; of the unfinished, defective, pitiable people who are at present misunderstood, and therefore ill-treated, he is performing a needed labour, and his efforts deserve our thanks.

A DISSOLVING VIEW.

"Mediterranean Moods: Footnotes of Travel in the Islands of Mallorca, Menorca, Ibiza and Sardinia."

By J. E. Crawford Flitch. London: Grant Richards. 1911. 12s. 6d. net.

THERE are travellers and travellers. The same word is made to serve for two sharply different types. On the one hand we have the Nansens, the Sven Hedins, the Shackletons: on the other the Sternes, the Borrowes and the donkey-driver of the Cevennes. The first sort discovers a glacier, a volcano, a buried city or a new reptile: the second discovers himself.

Mr. Crawford Flitch knows what manner of man he is. Having painfully mastered the prime facts about Mallorca and Menorca, and Ibiza and Sardinia, he has not called his travel-book "The Mediterranean Islands", but "Mediterranean Moods". His three hundred pages are much more concerned with moods than with the Mediterranean: but this is all for the best. Mr. Flitch is no "egoist without an ego", and few of his readers would exchange these genial confessions for a cold hash of Baedeker or Joanne. "Every traveller", says the first sentence of this book, "consciously or unconsciously is in search of certain exalted moments": and the same is true of the stay-at-homes who read the traveller's diary.

The Balearic group, to which Mr. Flitch devotes two-thirds of his space, has not been overwritten. A Briton or two can always be found sunning himself upon its coasts: but books recording their experiences have been few and far between. These moated outposts of the Andalusian mountains are called "The Fortunate Islands": but most people remember them as the unhappy hunting-grounds where Sir Joshua Reynolds broke his nose and Chopin broke his heart. To a restless and inquisitive man their position on the map is seductive; but the truth seems to be that most rovers could make better use of their time and money somewhere else. Mr. Flitch has said the utmost in the islands' favour, because he has eked out the meagre tale of monuments and beauty spots with many remarkably sympathetic appreciations of the old-world life of the townlets and hamlets. Nevertheless, he fails to allure the reader into following his footsteps. At the end of the reading one feels glad that Mr. Flitch has made this vicarious voyage on our behalf, thus saving us ever so much time and trouble.

Apparently he has made the voyage not a year too soon. The old order is changing under our very eyes. Manners and customs which have endured almost unaltered since Rome's conquest of the Spains are melting down into the uniformity of modern cosmopolitanism like snow in sunshine: and it is hopeless to expect that they will ever re-harden into their old shapes. In the larger Mallorcan and Sardinian cities there is already more than a taint of what certain young

Italians call Futurism, with its worship of street-cars and sky-scrapers, and its avowed loathing of the learned and artistic past. At Palma, in a theatre, Mr. Flitch encountered this fact. He had hoped to light upon some jota or fandango, racy of the Balearic soil; but what he found was a cinematograph. He sat beside a young haberdasher who hastened to proclaim himself an internationalist and an atheist, believing "in one life, one death" and one "Kine". To this philosopher the dance was distasteful, as being a local thing and a perpetrator of national distinctions. Of the Kine, however, he was a devotee. As Mr. Flitch puts it, "The Kine is not a divider of peoples, but a reconciler. Its films carry the same sentiments of humanity, the same undenominational morality, the same venerable humour, to the costers of London, the apaches of Paris, the moujiks of Moscow, and the rationalistic young haberdashers of Palma de Mallorca. It represents the triumph of the brotherhood of man." The ancient democracies, being warring and jarring atoms, begat beauty. "Their arts were local, and drew from the soil a native flavour as precise and distinguishable as that of their wine. But modern democracy is essentially international. It works to impose uniformity upon the world." It has found a medium of expression in the Kine which is "the lowest common denominator of our modern civilisation". Already every Latin city has its Kine all the year round, and perambulating Kines are at the same deadly levelling work in the villages.

How much we are on the point of losing may be gathered from the record of one of Mr. Flitch's moods in Sardinia. "Civilisation takes its time", he muses "from one or two great cities. The clocks of the rest of the world are slow by a decade, by a century, or even by a thousand years and more. . . . It is not easy to say precisely what o'clock it is in Barbagia. When at a turn of the road you encounter a cavalcade of horsemen in scarlet tunics with white-slashed sleeves, the period appears to be that of the 16th or 17th century; when you overhear a sorrowful dirge and see a procession of hooded figures passing through the tortuous streets of an age-blackened town, you are in the middle of the Middle Ages; when a woman with a pitcher on her head and all Assyria in her face greets you with the salutation 'May Jesus Christ be praised', you are not far from the beginning of our era; when in a glade of the forest you surprise a group of herdsmen gathered round a wineskin, some drinking, some dancing an ancient, almost forgotten measure to the accompaniment of Pan's pipes, you know that you have passed down the labyrinth of all the Christian centuries and come out into the spacious sunlight of the pagan world." This is so well said that one sentence more would have spoiled the music. Yet to face the whole truth, one must remember that sometimes it is the twentieth century in Barbagia and in a thousand of her sister towns; for instance, at that blighting moment when the post-mules trot up with the rancorous journals wherein Barbagia reads with awe of the teeming, hectic capital and of the hireling deputies who are labouring to destroy so much of the best in Barbagia's moral heritage from the sacred past.

NOVELS.

"Burning Daylight." By Jack London. London: Heinemann. 1911. 6s.

Mr. Jack London has worked his way through the animals, dog, wolf, and others, to man. In reality, doubtless the progress was the other way, since with considerable knowledge of a certain class of humanity he endowed the animals with human qualities, and achieved thereby many striking effects. In dealing with mankind he obtains a good many of his old effects by means he has before used so successfully. But the note of high tension, of effort continually strained to breaking point, of almost supernatural achievement, bequiles us more successfully when applied to the animal world, of whose capacity and breaking strains we are less cognisant than is the case with ourselves.

Burning Daylight, the name by which Elam Hamish, one of the pioneers of the Yukon, is known in Circle City, begins as little more than an animal. His achievements are purely physical, measured by whiskies per night and miles per day, sheer marvels of constitution, endurance, and brute strength, which wear out any man who attempts to compete with him. He surpasses Ouida's most heroic guardsmen, and in any other hands would be incredible and boring. Pathologically, it is impossible to credit all his adventures, but the impression which Mr. London intends does survive the strain to which it is subjected, and, with certain creative allowances, we realise Daylight as an attractive and exceptional personality, because his creator makes no effort to conceal his crudities and limitations, a virtue which he doubtless learnt in his dog days. When Daylight from being a penniless gambler makes, from sheer acuteness of foresight, his "pile" in the Klondike, and goes to San Francisco as a multi-millionaire, a very much greater strain is put upon this virtue, for Daylight as a speculator and hard drinker is anything but attractive. But there is no attempt to keep him up to the heroic standard, save in the magnitude of his investments, and though here again the tension seems excessive, it is atoned for by the honesty with which the man's most unattractive moments are revealed. Only a writer with the real stuff in him and a knowledge of how to use it would risk such a drop in his hero's value. One incident is inexplicable, seems to serve no purpose, and to be out of character. Daylight, who shows in the Klondike an extraordinary shrewdness, which defeats even the Jewish financiers leagued against him, succumbs in New York to the simplest working of the confidence trick. The means by which he extricates himself from the ruin in which his stupidity lands him makes some of the best reading in his book, but his simplicity spoils the picture which has been so expensively obtained. His salvation comes when we have nearly lost hope of him, at the hands of a woman, a woman drawn with admirable restraint, and of a much more charming type than American novelists show a fondness for; and it is the feature of a very readable book that the author is equally effective and equally informed in all its strongly contrasted interests. In writing of finance he contrives to extract from it what is essential to his purpose without leaving the impression that he is ignorant of the complexity of design behind the operations which he narrates, and there is no flagging in his ability to depict a scene, however subordinate may be its uses. One hopes, now that he has found men and women, that he will stay with them, since there is such soundness in his thoughts of life.

"The Job Secretary." By Mrs. Wilfrid Ward. London: Longmans. 1911. 6s.

The interest of Mrs. Wilfrid Ward's theme is its extreme difficulty; not, indeed, the difficulty of doing something with it, but of doing everything. Given, not so much the theme as her method of treating it, and the demand for a superficial fineness is forced upon one. Deep as the passions may probe which it handles, to show them by their shadows would but have produced a very commonplace affair. Treating profound feelings in this fashion, by reflection, as it were, it is the surface which becomes of chief importance, its texture, delicacy, and fineness of response. Mrs. Ward has produced her reflections by interposing a novel in process of construction between the real drama and the reader; by placing all the actors in that drama in rapport with the novelist, and making them contribute the essential portions of their own story under guise of assisting him with his. In this way the Wife, the Husband, and the Other Woman come upon the scene, each unaware of the other's contribution to the story, and, curiously enough, the novelist unaware of them all as possible protagonists in a more serious affair. Each thus offers to the author his or her share in a commonplace tragedy, coloured by personal suffering, disguised, more or less, by its fictional pretence, and successively incorporated into his medium like the parts of an

enamel. The scheme is thus one to which it is difficult to do justice without an elaborate delicacy of execution of which very few English novelists are capable. Mrs. Ward, lacking sufficient equipment for complete success, gives us simplicity instead of elaboration, but the simplicity rather overwhelms the author, whose reputation for intelligence considerably declines. "The motif of your book", a critic tells him, "is a little thin". The motif of Mrs. Ward's book is also a little thin, but it is wrought sympathetically and there is commendable restraint in the length of it.

"Mrs. Alfred Trench." By the Author of "The Views of Christopher". London: Elkin Mathews. 1911. 2s. 6d.

There is a quiet strength about this short sketch of a mistaken marriage. The lady, in spite of the mot on the subject, was more nearly a gentleman than is at all common with ladies, and the gentleman was a salient example of the pettiness and pettishness and lack of fibre that sometimes accompanies—or is called—the artistic temperament. Neither character is overdone in the drawing: one hesitates to pronounce Margaret quixotic in not after all leaving her husband, and though the portrait of him is scathing all that can be said for him is duly set down. One hardly needs to be told on the last page that "Alfred would continue to be Alfred to the end of the chapter", but one forgets the hopelessness of the story in admiring its manner.

"She was a Widow." By Ruth Rivers. London: Long. 1911. 3s. 6d.

She was also a mercenary, deceitful, sensual woman, interested above all other things in the effect of her lures upon the sex-instinct of the men she met. This story is a nauseous and comprehending delineation in the first person of a type of character that our plain-speaking forefathers would have summed up in one word.

SHORTER NOTICES.

"Franz Liszt." By Arthur Hervey. London: Lane. 1911. 4s. net.

Though our own view of Liszt's compositions is diametrically opposite to Mr. Arthur Hervey's view, we cheerfully assert that this study of Liszt, the man, the pianist, the conductor, and—last and least—the composer, is the very best yet written or likely to be written. Mr. Hervey was one of the most enthusiastic and trustworthy of the critics writing in the daily press, and his retirement from that sphere of industry, tiresome and sickening though it might be, was a great loss to the readers of the paper which enjoyed his services. However, if he continues to issue such books as this, we shall not complain of his change of occupation. Liszt's great personality was in need of description by a thorough musician who could wax enthusiastic without lapsing into mere imbecility or even insanity. Liszt was as unselfish a being as has ever lived; if, as a pianist, he became also a consummate master of the tricks of the showman, we must never forget that hundreds of poor musicians benefited more than he did by his artfulness as well as his art. He advertised himself, he bought bouquets to be presented to him on public occasions, he made much money—and other people got that money. To have preserved Wagner, first from a prison-grave and then from starvation, to have produced his operas when no manager in Europe would look at them—for these deeds alone Liszt merits the gratitude of all musical people. When we consider, however, what we owe to Liszt's own endeavours to write fine music, we cannot see eye to eye with Mr. Hervey. Merely to look at Liszt's works disheartens one; to hear them is to be compelled to wish he had never been allowed the use of a sheet of music-paper. A few of the piano pieces might be excepted, and perhaps two or three of the songs; but the symphonic poems and the oratorios and sacred music generally are impossibly bad and ugly. The memory of a sweet personality will remain, and the memory of his numberless gracious deeds will remain; the music will gradually be forgotten. Nevertheless we are grateful to Mr. Hervey for a little book that will keep the other memories green when the forgotten music has gone into the dust-bin.

"The Letters and Journal (1848-49) of Count Charles Leiningen-Westerburg." Edited by Henry Marczali Ph.D. London: Duckworth. 1911. 7s. 6d. net.

This book is the record of a noble character, but can only appeal to a small circle. In Hungary it may well have a large circulation, but the number of those in this country who have any knowledge of the events occurring during the rising of 1848-49 is small. Without such knowledge it is by no means easy to follow this story. Professor Marczali's introduction is good so far as it goes, but, of course, it is written for Hungarians. Count Leiningen seems to have acted in some measure on the *punto d'onore* quite as much as on reasoned conviction. He was married to a Hungarian lady, but he was a German by origin, and an officer in an Austrian regiment. When the time came he refused to fight against Hungary, for he believed that country was being abominably treated by Austria; but he would not fight against Imperial troops. However, he ultimately became a full-fledged Hungarian rebel officer, fell into Austrian hands, and, not unnaturally, was executed, though Austrian officers did all they could to facilitate his escape. His troops at first suspected him as he had two brothers fighting on the Austrian side, but ultimately he became extremely popular. Nothing, however, but an idealised conception of "liberty" put him on their side, for he seems to have had but a poor opinion of most of their leaders. For the mere phrases and talk of "liberty" he had nothing but contempt, and evidently thought poorly of the Hungarian deputies, for he says that, had his friend Górgéy ever become the director of events, he would have driven them all out and concluded an honourable peace with Austria. It is difficult to understand why this man, who was at heart an aristocrat and disliked the mere talk about "liberty" as politicians' gabble, should have sacrificed his life for a country not his own, and which he seems to have thought at the time unprepared for self-government. To this chivalrous and quixotic impulse he also sacrificed his wife and children. The letters and diary, however, have nothing high-flown about them; they are clear, sober, and sensible. They have also been well translated by Mr. Yolland, Professor of English Literature in the University of Buda-Pesth.

"La Revolution Francaise et les Lettres Italiennes." By Paul Hazard, professeur à l'Université de Lyon. Paris: Hachette. 10 frs.

The general reader in France seldom takes much interest in foreign literatures; yet no book worth notice has appeared in Europe in the last hundred years without being translated into French. More recently, and probably owing to the influence of Taine, foreign schools have been methodically studied by French scholars. The works of M. Angellier on Burns, of M. Legouis on Wordsworth and Chaucer, of M. Berger on Blake, and of M. Koszul on Shelley are well-known examples. The French Ministry of Education favours the work of these men by the foundation in the chief universities of chairs of *littérature comparée*. M. Paul Hazard fills at Lyons the chair brilliantly held before him by M. Texte and M. Baldensperger. The reaction of one literature on another cannot be studied apart from political and social history, and there is a growing tendency among literary historians to give an importance hitherto unsuspected to the influence of works which have no right to the name of masterpiece but have been instrumental in shaping the public spirit. This is what M. Hazard has done. He studies the rise and decay of French intellectual influence in Italy during the years 1787-1815, and shows how the hegemony which the French writers possessed on the eve of the Revolution gradually made room for the nationalist independence of Monti and Foscolo which was to bring about the risorgimento. The causes were the spirit itself of the French Revolution and the reaction produced by the excesses of the Imperial domination. M. Hazard follows the progress of the revolutionary literature and that of the reviving Italian spirit mostly through their popular manifestations in the press and on the stage. His work is done scientifically and thoroughly, according to the soundest principles, but it has none of the awkward stiffness or the dictatorial precision which are too often the ransom of erudition when it is not human.

"A Woman of the Revolution." By Frank Hamel. London: Paul. 1911. 16s. net.

The particular woman of the Revolution whose biography Mr. Hamel writes, is Théroigne de Méricourt. She was not born that, nor did she get the name by marriage. She concocted it in the course of the adventures on which she started from her peasant state in Brabant; and she found la *carrière ouverte aux talents* in several directions; as an operatic singer for one; and several others not so reputable. When the Revolution happened, for several busy years she was useful to the Revolutionary leaders in the streets, amongst

the soldiers, at the clubs of *citoyens* and *citoyennes*. It is a legend that she was the woman who led the mob of women to Versailles, on horseback, in a red riding habit. It is one of the most famous Revolution legends; but Mr. Hamel puts it in its right proportions from Mademoiselle's "Confessions." Nor was she the leader of the *tricoteuses* as another legend has it. She was not really bloodthirsty; though she was responsible for a murder or two. Indeed, she was a Girondiste, and the Montagnarde women nearly killed her in the street for it. She would probably have been guillotined, as most of her friends were, but her worse fate was to become insane and to spend twenty years in La Salpêtrière as one of Esquirol's cases. The Royalist lampoons, for reasons somewhat obscure, gave her an importance which seems hardly her due; and Lamartine, Michelet, and many other French writers in presence of this mystery have made the most of her. Carlyle summed her up in one of his formulas: "Such brown-locked figure did flutter and inarticulately jabber and gesticulate, little able to *speak* the obscure meaning it had, through some segment of the eighteenth century of time." In accordance with the rule for making this kind of book, Mr. Hamel has used the more superficial aspects of the French Revolution as embroidery for the story of an unimportant adventures.

"Sixtine Rome." By J. A. F. Orbaan. With 33 Illustrations. London: Constable. 1911. 7s. 6d. net.

This book deals largely with the structural changes which Sixtus V. introduced into the Rome of his day. Something was destroyed and much was erected. There is a good chapter on the Sixtine Chapel in Santa Maria Maggiore, a better still on the Vatican Library which took its present form under Sixtus, and a chapter, best of all, on the Pope's remarkably prolific architect, Domenico Fontana. There is no questioning the author's learning and thoroughness. But the book conveys the impression of having been written for himself rather than for others, so indifferent is he about indicating his sources. There is no bibliography; there is scarce a reference to an authority. The reader is informed, but he is not educated. The book is entirely without verve; in compilation it is often disjointed; it may serve to remind the erudite of the knowledge they possess, but it cannot hope to take hold of the general reader. Yet it might have done much for the student if instead of dry lecturing it had taken him into the quarries whence the knowledge came.

"Two Drawings by Hokusai." Campden, Glos.: Essex House Press.

The reproduction of two drawings by Hokusai is a somewhat new venture for the Essex Press; the edition is a limited one, for the general public, though beginning to be familiarised with the conventions of the print artists, is still far from being able to appreciate the very special qualities of Hokusai's drawings. The reproductions are as good as could be desired; we have set them beside an original, and all that they lack is the lustre of the ink, that wonderful ink which has such a range of tones in the hand of the Oriental painter. We are glad to find the Essex House people selecting Hokusai for their reproductions, it is rather the fashion now to borrow the Japanese point of view and deprecate Hokusai in favour of the older men of the classic schools. But great as were artists like Motonobu or Tanyu, much of their effect upon the Japanese mind is due to the skill with which they play a traditional game, and the varied range of associations—artistic, literary, patriotic—they conjure up. That part of their appeal is not for us; we must take art as we can feel it for ourselves, the match must strike on our box if we are to have any light. Now the essential Hokusai belongs to no particular school or time; his quality is to be desperately, even terribly, alive; his figures all a-quiver, condensed into a single gesture. In this respect we may prefer the goblin drawing to the first of the reproductions—the tiger, which, though expressive, seems to lack something of the sword-like sweep which marks Hokusai's best brush work. The drawings belong to the collection of Mr. Rothenstein, who contributes a preface which gave us rather a shock—we never could have imagined that the current sloppy and would-be intense art criticism would take in any grown man, still less a great painter, who in paint at any rate can see with clearness and decision.

"London Clubs: their History and Treasures." By Ralph Nevill. London: Chatto and Windus. 1911. 7s. 6d. net.

If we were to take the promise of Mr. Nevill's book literally and expect to find all the "treasures" even of well-known London clubs described, we should be mistaken. But he has done more in this way than has been done before, and as a description of the present interiors and regulations of existing clubs and their history his book is probably the completest that has been written. The story of the clubs is certainly not lacking in narrators, but Mr. Nevill gives

plenty of new information to make it still fresh. The changes of custom in clubs and the schisms and secessions on such questions as smoking and the admission of ladies are interesting. We learn for instance how the failure of the attempt to introduce smoking at White's in 1866 led to the founding of the Marlborough, "where for the first time in the history of West End Clubland smoking, except in the dining-room, was everywhere allowed". In short, Mr. Nevill's treatment is largely of the modern aspects of club life, and is so much the more novel, though modern clubs are neither so important in a social, literary and political sense nor so amusing as the old clubs. Clubbable has lost most of its meaning. Mr. Nevill's book is one that every club should have; but members of ornithological clubs will object to his definition of a Swift (it comes in apropos of Swift and his Scriblerus Club) as one of the Swallows.

"British Dominions." Edited by W. J. Ashley. London: Longmans. 1911. 6s. 6d. net.

Professor Ashley has collected various lectures and addresses, delivered in the University of Birmingham and elsewhere by Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, Sir Walter Hely Hutchinson, Sir George Reid, Mr. Pember Reeves, Sir Albert Spicer, Sir Edward Walker, and others, on the business relations and opportunities of the Empire. Whilst Mr. Lyttelton takes the whole Empire and discusses the economic and defence conditions which make a forward policy desirable, others deal with the parts with which they are familiar. The addresses were designed by practical men for practical-minded students, and are full of facts and suggestions which bear directly on the discussions of the Imperial Conference. Mr. Ashley wants to see the Empire organised on a business-like basis. "Among the most evident phenomena of the last decade has been the growth in the English mind of the conception of the Empire as a whole of which the United Kingdom and the Oversea Dominions are parts." If the Little Englander could be induced to go carefully through a book of this sort, he would be better able to estimate the imposture of Preference, as Mr. Asquith has called it.

"An Outpost in Papua." By A. K. Chignell. London: Smith Elder. 1911. 10s. 6d. net.

"The Naga Tribes of Manipur." By T. C. Hodson. London: Macmillan. 1911. 8s. 6d. net.

Mr. Chignell, a New Guinea missionary, has jotted down his experiences in this book, which is of no scientific importance, but gives some idea of the hardships mingled with the humours of a pioneer's life in the great unknown island. We are given glimpses of the day's work, its sicknesses and loneliness, and the events which break it from time to time, such as the arrival of the mail. There is also much valuable matter on the hygiene of tropical life, on food, housing, and the treatment of the great scourge—malaria. Mr. Hodson's book is essentially a study in scientific ethnology, treating a section of the Manipur hill tribes. The author is well-qualified, having been the Assistant Political Agent, and the book is of permanent value. A noteworthy institution is stone-worship; and there are indications of totemism.

THE JUNE REVIEWS.

There is very little in the June Reviews about the constitutional question. In the "Contemporary" an unsigned article upon the First Year of King George touches the subject, and indulges in some patronisingly offensive reflections on the manner in which His Majesty has acquitted himself; the taste of the article is in striking contrast with an appreciation in the "Fortnightly". In the "Nineteenth Century" Professor J. H. Morgan contributes his second article on the constitutional revolution. Professor Morgan points rather to the defects of Lord Lansdowne's scheme. It practically destroys the prerogative of creation of peers "by which a Liberal Government can give effect to the wishes of the electorate in a conflict with the Upper House". There are other difficulties; but his great exception to the Bill is that it is premature. The Commons themselves should be reformed, and their powers settled, before the House of Lords is touched: "The reform of the House of Lords should be preceded by the reform of the House of Commons. Before we can decide what the powers of the Upper House are to be we must know what are to be the powers of the Lower House. We must restore the legislative autonomy of the Commons so far as such autonomy is compatible with the collective responsibility of the Cabinet, the unity of legislation, the co-operation of the departments, and the preservation of scientific draughtsmanship."

Mr. Charles Newton Robinson, also in the "Nineteenth Century", writes of the land taxes, looking back upon what the Government have already done, and forward to the

probable effects of their policy. The valuation scheme is in a perilous way: it "can never be completed at all with the present staff, even if done in the most worthless and perfunctory manner possible. But the staff cannot be greatly increased, for the Government has already depleted the auctioneers' and estate agents' offices of many of their best clerks by offering higher salaries than they were receiving". Mr. Newton Robinson in his critical review of a year's history of the land taxes finds his only comfort in that "the foundations of the scheme of plunder have been so badly laid that the whole edifice is already crumbling to its fall and may thus destroy its authors".

The Government Insurance scheme is generally treated in an able article by Mr. Carson Roberts in the "Nineteenth Century". In the "Fortnightly Review" Mr. G. P. Forrester—and, in the "English Review," Sir Alfred Mond—describes the national system of insurance in Germany. The Germans have kept their scheme distinct in its parts. Sickness is in a separate category, the State merely supervising the scheme and not contributing to its maintenance. The insurance against accidents corresponds with our own Workmen's Compensation Act; the insurance against invalidity and old age corresponds roughly with our old age pensions scheme. In connexion with these insurance schemes the facts and figures of Mr. W. H. Mallock in his article upon the Origin of Unemployment in the "Nineteenth Century" are distinctly interesting. Mr. Mallock brings forward some valuable statistics which point beyond his immediate thesis. Mr. Mallock is chiefly concerned with Mr. Snowden's assertion that "the wages of working people do not increase during the period of trade prosperity". A minute examination of the facts brings into relief Mr. Mallock's contention that it is our home business that we must watch in noting the effect of good and bad trade on wages: "A survey of assessed profits as a whole brings us . . . to the . . . conclusion that . . . the wages and employment of labour in the United Kingdom, instead of remaining stationary or declining when the profits of the employers of such labour rise, only decline when the volume of our home business contracts, and tend, when that business expands again, to rise not only in equal, but in appreciably greater, proportion."

In the "Contemporary Review" Sir John Macdonell writes of the prospects of arbitration as a means of settling, among other things, questions involving infamia. On the practical side the article shows quite clearly the advance made in the methods and machinery of arbitration: "Not only are arbitrations better conducted than they were, with the result that the awards are generally more satisfactory; they are carried out by and receive effect at the hands of the defeated party, and are fully and loyally carried out, and, I may add, to a degree unknown in the case of private arbitrations." On the question of honour, and of the possible extension of arbitration to the settlement of "vital" points, the article is less conclusive. In the "National" Mr. Albert R. Carman, of Montreal, deals with the question of arbitration between England and America as it would affect Canada. He thinks arbitration must come, and that it will be a danger for Canada. There are a lot of Canadians who would fight, he says, to prevent absorption by the States. It would be useless to outvote the loyal Canadian Garrison if it were known that the Empire would be behind them if they took up arms. Obviously if the Empire were not able to back them up they might be outvoted with impunity. That is a point to which the sentimentalist will attach no weight; it cannot be lightly set aside by the practical-minded. The danger which Mr. Carman foresees has its bearing on the question dealt with by the Duke of Argyll in the "Financial Review of Reviews": "Canada as a Field for British Investment". Another article in the "National" of real Imperial importance is Mr. Carlyon Bellairs' on Dreadnoughts or Dummies? The twenty pre-Dreadnoughts on which Mr. Asquith relies will be useless by 1914. "War is no respecter of dummies, and it certainly will not accept them as substitutes for Dreadnoughts."

In the "Fortnightly Review" Mr. E. S. Stevens has a study of Abbas Effendi, the famous prisoner released at the coming of the Young Turks after forty-two years' captivity in the penal settlement of Akka. He was the eldest son of Baha M'llah, the Babist leader and prophet whose teaching was in spirit so near to the teaching of Christ. Abbas Effendi almost unknown to Europe, is one of the great figures of to-day.

The Thackeray Centenary gives the writer of "Musings without Method" in "Blackwood's Magazine" an opportunity to write of the progress of the novel; and to contrast the repute of the novel in Thackeray's day with what it has grown to be. He regards the novelist of the later Victorian age simply as the man of commerce: "He became learned

(Continued on page 722.)

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If fiction has descended, and still descends, the drama is rising steadily to-day, and the interest of cultivated people in the dramatic movement is more and more reflected in the monthly reviews. This month there is an article by Prince Bariatsky on the almost forgotten comedy of Alexander Griboyedov, the soldier, diplomatist, and playwright, who wrote his masterpiece in a foreign land, and was killed at thirty-four as the representative of his country in Persia. In the "Fortnightly Review" Mr. Gribble has an article on the last miserable days of Rachel. In "Blackwood's Magazine" there is a well-urged exposure of the conspiracy of admiration for the plays of M. Brieux, for which Mr. Shaw is perhaps more responsible than any other one man.

In the "English Review" there is a distinctly individual poem of Mr. John Masefield, and in the "Fortnightly" a fine "Salute from the Fleet" to King George, by Mr. Alfred Noyes. Mr. J. M. Robertson in the "Monthly" writes of form in poetry. Mr. John Galsworthy has one of the short sketches he is not yet able to write. Mr. Joseph Conrad is still continuing his novel "Under Western Eyes"; and Mr. Yoshio Markino his series of sketches of the women of England.

For this Week's Books see page 724.

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The Subscription List opened on Thursday, the 8th June, 1911, and will close on or before Monday, the 12th June, 1911, for Town, Country and the Continent.

THE NATIONAL LAND FRUIT & PACKING COMPANY,

(Incorporated by Royal Letters Patent, Ontario, Canada.)

CAPITAL

£250,000

Divided into 150,000 Seven per cent. Cumulative Participating Preference Shares and 100,000 Ordinary Shares (issued and fully paid) of £1 each.

Offer of 150,000 Seven per cent. Cumulative Participating Preference Shares of £1 each.

The Preference Shares confer the right to a fixed Cumulative Preferential Dividend at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum on the capital for the time being paid up thereon, and to one-half the divisible surplus profits of each year, after paying a like dividend of 7 per cent. for the year on the Ordinary Shares. The Preference Shares also confer the right in a winding up to priority as to return of capital and to one-half the surplus assets remaining after paying off the whole of the paid up capital.

The London County and Westminster Bank Limited are authorised by the owners to receive on their behalf applications for the purchase of the above Shares, payable as follows:—

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On 1st September, 1911	7s. 6d. " "

£1 0s. 0d.

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The proceeds of the Shares will provide the Company with approximately £70,000 working capital.

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The following information has been supplied by the President of the Company:—

ABRIDGED.

The Company was formed in 1910 chiefly for the purpose of producing and marketing apples grown in the Province of Ontario, Canada, and for this purpose acquired established orchards containing over 140,000 bearing trees, constituting what is believed to be the largest apple producing property in the world under one ownership.

The Province of Ontario produces 75 per cent. of all fruits grown in Canada—60 per cent. of the pears, 70 per cent. of the apples, 80 per cent. of the pears and small fruits, 99 per cent. of the peaches and grapes.

THE COMPANY'S PROPERTIES.—The Company owns 9,115 acres (5,377 freehold, 3,738 leasehold) situated on or near the shores of the great lakes which surround the Province of Ontario, and selected in five principal groups—the Niagara District, the Georgian Bay District, the Lake Huron District, the Lake Erie District, and the Lake Ontario District. A range of varieties is thus provided, and the Company assured against a local shortage of crop in any season. The climatic influence of these great bodies of water is highly favourable upon the regularity of the crop and the quality of the apples. A large number of power spraying outfits have been in constant operation during this season, and all the properties have been under the care of the Company's expert staff during this year, thus practically ensuring a large crop of high-grade apples for this season.

There are upwards of 140,000 full bearing apple trees on the Company's properties, which are of an average age of not less than 15 and 20 years.

On the freehold properties there are upwards of 50 well-built substantial houses, a number of smaller houses for farm labourers, and upwards of 150 large barns, storage, and other out-buildings.

In respect to the leasehold properties, there is provision for supply free of charge by the lessors of cartage, storage facilities, manure, performance of certain cultivation work, and the boarding and lodging of the Company's staff is provided at fixed and moderate charges. The Valuers, in the report mentioned below, estimate that these incidental provisions alone will effect a saving in operating expenses of upwards of £15,000 per annum.

REPORT ON PROPERTIES.—The Company's properties have been reported on by Messrs. W. E. McCarthy and L. H. Robertson, Valuers, of Toronto. The following statements are extracted from their report:—

"We place the value of the freehold properties at £225,000, and we are of opinion that, operated in connection with the leaseholds, a large annual profit should be earned on the whole nominal capital of the Company."

"We have carefully checked your figures of production and marketing costs, and verified them by reference to Government reports, and as well to the experience of a number of private growers in different districts, and we have also verified your figures for transport charges, including rail and ocean freight charges, cold storage, etc. As a result we regard your estimate of \$2.50 per barrel as an average total production and marketing cost to be substantially above the figures which are shown from the Government records and from the experience of a number of independent authorities."

The report on the properties also deals with the suitability of the districts for apple growing, the yearly production, the value of the properties, the facilities for transport, the cost of production and marketing, and deals with the buildings and other improvements on the freehold properties. A full copy of the Report may be seen at the London Office of the Company.

RESULTS FOR FIVE YEARS.—This is the first season that the properties have been operated as a whole by the Company. Reports obtained on each of the properties covering the following five shipping seasons show the production to be in bushels—1905-6, 1,131,195; 1906-7, 920,961; 1907-8, 1,302,747; 1908-9, 1,014,447; 1909-10, 1,267,364.

These figures show that over 5,700,000 bushels of apples alone have been produced from the Company's orchards during the above period: the actual value of which is not definitely known owing to the varied means by which the fruit was disposed of by the farmers who were the former owners of the properties, but the amount is believed to be considerably over £200,000 per annum.

PROFITS.—The supply of high-class apples in the British, European and American markets never equals the demand. High-grade apples readily command from 6s. to 12s. per bushel box and from 14s. to 25s. per barrel, according to variety and grade. Owing to the Company's orchards being exceptionally well located for short rail and ocean transportation, its apples, when sold at the lower prices mentioned, will realise a large profit steadily increasing year by year.

The profit on this season's crops is estimated as follows:—

140,000 boxes at 5s.	£42,000
140,000 barrels No. 1 at 15s.	112,000
56,000 barrels No. 2 at 14s.	39,200
84,000 barrels at 12s.	50,400
70,000 boxes evaporated at 12s.	43,750
	£257,350

Expenses, including cultivation, pruning, spraying, picking, land and ocean freight charges, rentals, marketing, and all other expenses and charges, estimated at £221,667

Allow 10 per cent. for Contingencies 22,166

243,833

Net profit £13,517

or more than four times the amount required to pay 7 per cent. on the whole of the Preference Shares. No Bonds or Debentures have been issued.

After the payment of 7 per cent. on the total Preference and Ordinary Shares the surplus profits available for increased dividends, reserve, or other purposes are equal to upwards of 10 per cent. of the total capital.

UPWARDS OF 1,000 ACRES OF NEW ORCHARDS PER ANNUM.—The Company proposes to acquire further specially located freehold orchard lands from time to time, and during this and several succeeding seasons to plant upwards of 1,000 acres per annum with selected standard apple trees. Of these a large number will be early varieties, which will come into bearing in from five to seven years from time of planting, thus after a period of ten years (the minimum term of the leaseholds) the extent of the Company's freehold orchards will render it unnecessary to renew leases.

BY-PRODUCTS—EVAPORATED APPLES, ETC.—Every pound of apples is commercially valuable in some form when apple growing is conducted on a large scale under one management. The Company proposes to establish a number of manufacturing plants close to each group of properties, and all apples which are not marketable in the ordinary manner will be sent to these factories, and treated by evaporation or other processes. The by-products, such as peelings, cores, etc., are shipped abroad, and sold at good prices. Evaporated apples find a ready sale in practically all markets, especially in Western Canada, at prices which result in almost as good a net return to the Company as from the best green apples when exported and sold in the usual manner.

Substantial additional revenue will also be realised from the production of cider, vinegar, and pulp waste. The importance of utilising this otherwise waste product will be appreciated from the fact that the Company expects to treat by manufacture upwards of 12,000 tons of apples this season.

Letter from the Honourable NELSON MONTEITH, Late Minister of Agriculture, Province of Ontario, Canada, "Sunnyside Farm," Stratford, Ontario, 1st April, 1911.

H. POLLMAN EVANS, Esq., Pres. National Land Fruit & Packing Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ontario.

Dear Sir,—Your favour of recent date received. I have read with care your draft prospectus, which is very conservative in its estimate of returns, even at the starting of the project. As the time goes on, however, the results from improved methods of treatment should justify expecting a very material increase over your estimate.

The production of food products is one of the most promising avenues into which capital can be directed, especially when improved quality is aimed at.

Yours truly,

(Signed) NELSON MONTEITH.

Dividends will be payable either in London at the fixed rate of exchange of \$4.86 per £ sterling or in currency at Toronto at the rate of each shareholder.

Applications for shares should be made on the accompanying form of application, and sent to The London County and Westminster Bank, Limited, or to any of its branches, together with a remittance for the amount payable on application. Where no allotment is made the amount will be returned in full, and where the number of Shares allotted is less than that applied for, the balance of the application money will be applied towards the remaining payments.

Interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum will be charged on all instalments paid in arrear of their respective dates, and failure to pay any instalment when due will render previous payments liable to forfeiture.

The Company will pay a brokerage of 3d. per share on allotments made in respect of applications bearing brokers' stamps.

An application for a settlement in and a quotation of the Shares will be made in due course to the Committee of the London Stock Exchange.

Prospectus and Forms of Application may be obtained from the Bankers and Brokers, and at the London Offices of the Company above mentioned.

Dated June 8th, 1911.

This Form should be filled up and sent entire to the London County and Westminster Bank Limited, 21 Lombard Street, E.C., or to any of its Branches, together with a Cheque payable to "The London County and Westminster Bank Limited, or Bearer."

No. 61.

The National Land Fruit and Packing Company, Limited.

(Incorporated under the Ontario Companies Act, Canada.)

CAPITAL:

Ordinary Shares £100,000

7 per cent. Cumulative Participating Preference Shares £150,000

Offer of 150,000 7 per cent. Cumulative Participating Preference Shares of £1 each.

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To THE LONDON COUNTY AND WESTMINSTER BANK LIMITED (As Agents for the Purchasers), 21 Lombard Street, London, E.C.

GENTLEMEN,—I/We hereby apply for and request that you, as Agents for the Purchasers, will cause to be allotted to me/us 7 per cent. Cumulative Participating Preference Shares of £1 each of the above-mentioned Company, and I/we hereby agree to accept the same or any less number than that you may allot to me/us upon the terms of the Prospectus dated the 8th day of June, 1911.

I/We enclose a remittance for £ being the deposit which is payable on application at the rate of 1s. per Share, and I/we agree to pay the further instalments in respect of the Shares allotted to me/us in accordance with the terms of the said Prospectus.

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BOOTS CASH CHEMISTS (EASTERN) LIMITED CHEMISTS AND DRUGGISTS.

At the Nineteenth Annual Meeting of the above Company, held at the St. Pancras Hotel, Thursday, the Managing Director, Sir Jesse Boot, stated that for nineteen years they paid dividends of 10 per cent. on the Ordinary shares for the first six years, and for the remaining thirteen years have paid at the rate of 12 per cent. Taking into consideration the premiums paid for the Ordinary shares the return to investors on the whole capital would not, I think, exceed about 7 per cent., but the premiums paid, and sums we have been able to add out of profits from time to time, have enabled us to build up general reserves, freehold reserves and contingency funds amounting in the aggregate to no less than £82,500, and also to carry forward £11,000, an amount sufficient to pay a whole year's dividends on all our Preference shares. In doing this we have not been unmindful of those who have served us faithfully. Sixteen years ago we started a Branch Managers' Provident Fund to which we have added yearly since then out of profits, and at the same time crediting the fund with 5 per cent. interest on the accumulated amount. During the year under review we have added to the fund £890 by way of interest and now propose to allocate £350, or £1,240 in all, bringing the total up to £20,000. We do not propose to make further additions to this capital sum, but for the present at any rate to allow 4 per cent. interest on it, amounting to £800 per annum, which we will pay into a mutual fund to be administered by a joint committee of our managers and representatives of the Company. In these competitive times we shall not seek to increase the dividend on our Ordinary shares. In most cases extremely high dividends can only be made by sweating employees or overcharging the public. As a purely distributive Company we think the present rate should be considered highly satisfactory. Most of the shareholders are customers and they get the benefit of reasonable prices. We give the general public extremely good value. At the same time we have thoughtful consideration for those in the business. After doing all this and creating reserves for a period of depression, if and when it comes, there is no margin left for increasing dividends.

2,000 EMPLOYEES IN NOTTINGHAM.

In Nottingham, where the parent Company affords steady employment in season and out of season for some 2,000 persons, there has been much pessimistic nonsense written and spoken lately about company trading in retail businesses. Men speak regretfully about the good old days when a man without exceptional ability or a large trade could, in a single shop, make profits up to £1,000 per annum. Those days are gone. They were golden days for the small proprietor, but the public had to pay for them. And what about the assistants and apprentices? Contrast the treatment of the public and the assistants to-day alike by private chemists and companies with that of thirty years ago, and the reason why £1,000 a year cannot be made out of one shop becomes apparent at once. In those days businesses were frequently run almost entirely by apprentices, who paid a premium to learn the business. As regards apprentices, I may add that we pay salaries from the first week they start to all those who learn their business with us, and for years we have offered about £200 per annum in scholarships to assist really hardworking youths to spend a few months at college so as to enable them to pass their qualifying examinations as chemists. As before mentioned, we have built up an employees' fund of £20,000 in our Eastern Company, which is much the oldest Company, but the others have also been allocating yearly sums out of profits. These sums now amount to £38,000, or, with the Eastern Company's added, to £58,000 in all, and we are hoping presently to see them total £100,000, which if administered on a 4 per cent. basis, as we propose to do in the Eastern Company, would afford a disposable fund of about £4,000 per annum. In addition we have insured the lives of nearly 400 of our managers, paying the entire premium for the first ten years and half the premium afterwards. The practical advantage of this has been apparent in the fact the relatives of our men who have died since this scheme was started have received £400 against total payments made by the men of approximately £20, or £100 for each £5 paid.

500 INCOME TAX PATERS ON THE STAFF.

As I have before remarked, whilst individual fortunes from small businesses are not now so frequently made, the lot of the employee has improved and is improving. We rejoice in this and will do our best to help it on all we can, and as some proof of what I have said as to the comfortable position enjoyed by our staff, I may add that nearly 500 of the combined staffs pay Income Tax, whilst, in addition, some hundreds have salaries very little below the Income Tax limit. I thing this digression as to our other Companies may be pardoned, as many of our Eastern shareholders are interested in the allied Companies, and, as I have said at previous meetings, the association with the other companies adds considerably to the strength of the Eastern Company. I conclude by proposing "that the accounts be received and that the distribution of the profits as recommended in the directors' printed report be and is hereby adopted."

The resolution was seconded and unanimously agreed to.

CALLENDER'S CABLE AND CONSTRUCTION.

THE Fifteenth Annual General Meeting of Callender's Cable and Construction Company, Ltd., was held on Thursday, Mr. Henry Drake (the Chairman of the Company) presiding.

The Chairman, in moving the adoption of the report, said that the profit realised for 1910 was somewhat in excess of that of the previous year, although the conditions which prevailed in the cable industry were practically identical in both periods, no material improvement in the business having occurred during 1910. The increase in trade, of which there were many indications in the early part of last year, was not maintained, and the year was characterised by an absence of new enterprises. Evidences of a coming improvement in the electric industry generally that had been noted in the early part of the current year seemed for the present to have disappeared. He also called attention to the item appearing in the accounts for the first time under the heading of the Uxbridge and District Electric Supply Company, Ltd., remarking that since the close of the year an issue of Debenture stock in that company had been made, by which their own expenditure in that connection would be reimbursed. Comparing the figures in the balance-sheet with those of the previous year, the Chairman pointed out that there was, as a result, an available balance of £66,323, as against £68,452 in the previous year. The directors proposed to deal with that by paying a dividend on the Ordinary shares at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum, of which 5s. had already been paid, by paying a bonus of 5s. per share and by carrying forward £40,003.

Sir J. Fortescue Flannery, Bart., M.P., seconded the motion. Mr. T. O. Callender (Managing Director) said he believed that all heavy constructional business in this country had been very bad during 1910. He had seen in one of the newspapers a statement with regard to their report, that they did not appear to have profited much by the boom in trade. He was afraid that they had not seen any of that boom in trade, and that in discussing the actual facts of business during last year he had found others of his opinion—namely, that the boom had not come into the engineering world at all. There had been no new enterprises undertaken in the country, and there had been no spirit of confidence to enable new work to be taken in hand. He could not remember so thoroughly unsatisfactory a period of new electrical business as the two or three years they had just gone through, and he thought they would consider it as satisfactory that, in spite of all, they had not only maintained their position, but they had improved upon it, although the improvement had not been very great. It would be a satisfaction to them to know that

since Easter of the current year there had been a distinct improvement in business, and that certainly for the moment there had been a brightening up in their branch of the engineering trade which was eminently satisfactory. It was also satisfactory, as indicated in the report, that the existing electrical supply companies to whom they had to look for business had materially improved their position and were beginning to secure the results anticipated at the time of their constitution. In fact, never had the electrical supply industry been in a healthier position. Although they had done well with the foreign trade, they had had a heavy battle to fight. In one instance at least they had been informed by one of the engineers of a very large electrical supply company that an order which they had expected had been placed in Germany owing to the pressure brought to bear by the German Ambassador. They were wondering what would happen if one of these days they, too, were to have the assistance of a Government that would enable them to fight on a level basis with their competitors on the Continent. In the meantime they realised that it was necessary to strengthen their position in that country in a way something similar to what had been done by many of those abroad. Wherever it was necessary they were opening offices in order to increase the business of the Company, and the last field which they had tackled, and they were still tackling, was South Africa, from which they had already received some most important orders, and where the prospects of additional, and they hoped a remunerative, business were exceedingly good. Elsewhere in Australia, South America, Mexico, and indeed all over the world, they were strengthening their position; they were pushing for trade, and they were getting some of that which was going, and had it not been for the money they had spent in past years and for the money they still continued to spend in developing their foreign trade, he was afraid the results which the directors were laying before the shareholders now would not be quite so good as they were at present.

The resolution was carried unanimously.

CONSOLIDATED MINES SELECTION.

REDUCTION OF THE CAPITAL SANCTIONED.

AN Extraordinary General Meeting of the Consolidated Mines Selection Company, Limited, was held on June 6, Mr. F. Muir (Chairman of the Company) presiding.

The Chairman said they were met to consider the question of reducing the nominal value of the company's shares from £1 to 10s. per share. "If the resolution to be proposed meets with your approval at this and a confirmatory meeting, application to the Court will follow, in order to obtain official sanction for the scheme. I need hardly say that the course proposed is not a pleasant one for your directors, or one which they would recommend to shareholders unless they were strongly of opinion that it was the right thing to do. Surgical operations are never agreeable, even when they are almost certain to be followed by greatly improved health. With regard to the amount of capital proposed to be written off, I do not think I need add anything to the paragraph in the circular to shareholders, which says:—'In fixing the amount of the proposed reduction, the directors have had in view the desirability of bringing the nominal value of the shares of the company into approximate agreement with the realisable value of the assets of the company. They are of opinion that these assets if now realised, would represent a value of approximately 10s. per share, and they have accordingly fixed the amount of the proposed reduction of the company's capital upon this basis.' I feel bound to acknowledge here the kindness and forbearance with which our shareholders have treated the Board during all these lean years. To have to go for five years without sight of dividend is, even in a mining company, distinctly trying, and yet the complaints which have reached us during all that time have been so few as to be almost negligible. One factor which has greatly influenced the Board is the near entry of the Brakpan Mines into the list of producing mines. As you are aware, we hold a large interest in that company and its parent, the Transvaal Coal Trust. We have watched and helped their development in behalf of our shareholders with the utmost solicitude, and now that the time is arriving when dividends may before long be expected we should much like that our share of these dividends may be available for distribution among our own shareholders. This will be possible only if the scheme as presented to you to-day is accepted. If the resolution is carried and the scheme is sanctioned by the Court, we propose to materially reduce the Debenture debt, and to this end have obtained an option to purchase £120,000 at the price of 49s. If this option is exercised the Debenture debt will then stand at about £125,000. I may mention that we have received proxies in favour of our proposals from shareholders representing 681,766 shares, and we have received proxies against the proposals from shareholders representing 2,209 shares, so that there is a majority on the proxies of 689,557 shares in favour of the proposals. I will now move:—'That the capital of the company be reduced from £1,200,000 divided into 1,200,000 shares of £1 each, to £600,000 divided into 1,200,000 shares of 10s. each, and that such reduction be effected by cancelling paid-up capital which has been lost or is unrepresented by available assets to the extent of 10s. per share upon each of the 1,105,000 shares which have been issued and are now outstanding, and by reducing the nominal amount of all the shares of the company's capital from £1 to 10s. per share.'"

Mr. Walter McDermott seconded the resolution.

Mr. Edmund Shephard said that as a common and garden shareholder he should like to give this measure his heartiest support, because he thought it was the best thing for the shareholders.

The resolution was then put to the meeting and carried unanimously. The Chairman then moved an alteration in the articles of association, to put the directors' remuneration on the same footing as it was before the reduction of the capital was agreed to. They were entitled to extra remuneration after the payment of 5 per cent. on the capital, whereas now they would get no extra remuneration until 10 per cent. had been paid. The resolution adjusting the remuneration accordingly was agreed to unanimously, and a vote of thanks to the Chairman terminated the proceedings.

THE RUBBER WORLD

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